

The Sketch



No. 657.—Vol. LI.

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1905.

SIXPENCE.



THE ANCIENT ORDER OF DRUIDS AT STONEHENGE: SCENES OF THE CEREMONIES.

1. THE CEREMONY WITHIN THE SACRED CIRCLE.

4. A GRAND ARCH.

2. HANDING OUT INSIGNIA AND ORDERS TO THE BRETHREN.

3. SOME OF THE BARDS OF THE ORDER.

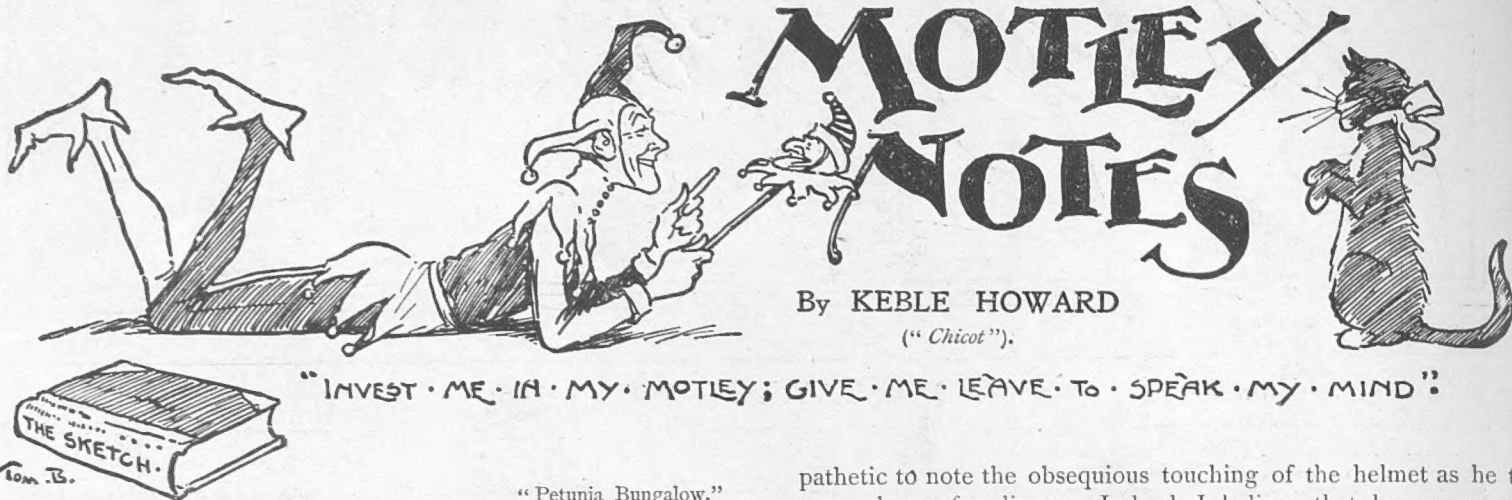
5. THE PROCESSION TO THE PLACE OF CEREMONY.

6. THE DRUIDS MARCHING ROUND THE STONES.

7. SIR EDMUND ANTROBUS AND OTHER NEW MEMBERS BEING LED BLINDFOLD TO THE SACRED CIRCLE.

Stonehenge was the scene on Friday of last week of a special meeting of the Ancient Order of Druids, who, to the number of 500, journeyed thither from various centres in the South of England. Numerous apparently mystic and but moderately picturesque rites were indulged in, the Druids wearing their robes and orders, and being led by the Bards of the Order, who wore white gowns, carried long rods topped with a small sickle or some other device, and donned white and flowing false beards. A number of people were initiated into the Order, including Sir Edmund Antrobus, the owner of Stonehenge.

Photographs by Park.



"Petunia Bungalow."

AS a matter of fact, I was not on my guard at the moment. I knew, of course, as every intelligent, observant student of the daily Press knows, that any man or woman cycling alone on a highroad is in danger nowadays of being thrown off his (or her) cycle, stunned, and robbed. I knew that I was quite at the mercy of any ragged ruffian who cared to wait for me in some quiet part of the road, read a newspaper until I drew almost level, and then suddenly thrust his stick between my spokes. And, more important still, I knew that all the ragged ruffians tramping the road from Portsmouth to London knew it. They have been a long time making this delightful discovery, but the file of any newspaper for the summer months of 1905 will show that the word has gone round. I knew all that, I say, as I rode, one dark evening last week, towards Guildford from Ripley. But thoughts of a pleasanter nature were occupying my mind, so that by the time I realised that a modern footpad, with a villainous-looking stick, was stealthily awaiting my approach, it was too late to stop or turn. Under the circumstances, therefore, I acted with considerable presence of mind. I spurted. The footpad, noticing my increased speed, jumped off the footpath and jabbed at my back wheel with his stick. Luckily enough, he miscalculated my pace, and missed me by an inch. When, a little further up the road, I turned to look at him, I observed that he was explaining matters to his mate, who had left his hiding-place in the hedge and was now in the middle of the road.

My host—a fat, unimaginative fellow who will never know that he is being killed until he is dead—simply roared with laughter when I told him of my adventure.

"Mere fancy," said he. "That comes of too much newspaper-reading."

"Rot!" I retorted, quite angrily. "D'you think I'm such a fool that I can't tell whether a man is trying to upset me or not?"

"Yes," said my host. (I have explained, I think, that he is not a person of particularly nice feeling.)

"Then," I replied, meeting him on his own ground, "you're even a more hopeless ass than I supposed. I tell you this sort of thing is going on all round London. They've found out how easy it is to upset a cyclist riding fairly quickly, and they're doing it. What's to prevent 'em? The police can't line the road from London to Portsmouth, can they?"

"We could spare a few cyclists," murmured my host.

"Very likely. We could also spare a few footpads. I'm going up to town to-morrow to buy a revolver."

"I shall still put my money on the footpads."

"You can do what you like with *your* money. I have to work for mine, and I don't mean to let a lot of dirty blackguards go through my pockets without getting some change out of them."

I gave a sovereign for the revolver—a cunning, sinister, second-hand Colt—and five shillings for a hundred cartridges. My host chuckled mightily when I produced the weapon, but he changed his tone a little when I began to load it. I have never possessed a revolver before, and I admit that I am charmed with the dear little thing. It is so small, so neat, so handy, so unobtrusive, so simple, yet it will send a bullet through a plank an inch-and-a-half thick at a distance of fifty yards. Since I bought it, I have known a sense of power that is quite new to me. What a puny thing, for example, is a policeman. An almost imperceptible pressure of the forefinger, and he is no more than a foolish hulk in the roadway. The Long Itchingdon policeman, to whom I expressed myself in some such terms, smiled weakly and hoped I would be very careful. By the way, had I a gun-license? I had, and showed it to him. It was quite

pathetic to note the obsequious touching of the helmet as he turned to go home for dinner. Indeed, I believe that he was more than half-inclined to retire from my presence backwards.

We began to practise yesterday morning. On the other side of the low fence that runs along the end of the garden there is a small pond. We threw a corked bottle into the pond, and I, taking careful aim, fired at it. My hat! Before the smoke had cleared away, all the village was running in the direction of "Petunia Bungalow"—

One said it was a "'splosion,"

But t'other he said, "Nay;

'Tis just some silly zany

What's blowed 'is brains away."

Last of all came the policeman, stooping low and peering through the hedge. Now, it is all very well to fire before a crowd when you can break eggs in the air and knock thimbles off a man's head. But when you have had twenty shots at a whisky-bottle about ten to fifteen yards away, and missed the beastly thing every time, you begin to yearn for some still, quiet plain far from the gaping mob. We withdrew, therefore, into the bungalow, and, whilst the audience was slowly and regretfully breaking up, amused ourselves by manufacturing a sort of target. That, I repeat, was yesterday. To-day that target is riddled through and through. Will all those who have allowed themselves to regard me with hostility in the past kindly note? It would go hard but I should break the pen-fingers of a dishonest reviewer at fifty paces.

With every desire to speak generously of my host, I cannot pretend to think that he will ever make a decent revolver-shot. Thirty-seven of my precious cartridges has he lavishly exploded, yet once only has he hit the target. Oddly enough, that once was during my absence. I am not, I hope, too suspicious a man, but I could not help asking him why he did not hit it when I was looking on.

"Oh," he said carelessly, "you make me nervous, I think."

"You! Nervous! Don't be silly. Did you get anywhere near the centre?"

"I believe I scored a bull," was the modest answer.

"Great Scott! Let's have a look. Yes, you scored a bull right enough, but where were you standing?"

"Oh, in the usual place, of course."

"No nearer? I looked steadily at his right eye. (It is impossible, of course, to look at both a person's eyes at once, although it is often done by lovers in novels. Perhaps, though, they squint.)

He wavered. "Well, I may have been a foot or so nearer. You seem to think nobody can hit the rotten thing except yourself."

"I'll tell you what I think, dear friend. I think you waited until I was round the corner, and then ran up to the target and put the muzzle of the revolver about an inch from the bull's-eye. Confess, now!"

"Why don't you go back to London?" he retorted, at the same time swinging away to conceal his guilty blushes.

He apologised after luncheon, but I assured him that, in any case, I should be compelled to leave Long Itchingdon in a day or two. London calls, and that call may not be ignored. Before these lines are meeting your casual glance, friend the reader, I shall have exchanged the gentle sound of the wind in the trees for the bellowings of carters and cabmen, the hootings of railway-engines and motor-cars, and the incessant clang-clang-clang of great hammers on iron girders. In the morning, instead of an early autumn breeze sweet with the scent of roses, geraniums, heliotrope, stocks, lavender, and mignonette, I shall awake to breathe the shoddy, stale atmosphere of a side-street off the Strand. . . . Never acquire the habit of London, friend the reader.

"THE BLUE MOON," AT THE LYRIC.



THE CLUBMAN.

The Dead Basuto King—A Basuto Half-caste—Basutos in Zululand.

LEROTHODI, the King of the Basutos, is dead and buried, the priests have chanted his requiem—for he died a Christian—and his hundred wives have filled the air with lamentation. He was a man who resisted a great temptation, for he sat up in his mountains when Britain and Boer were fighting for the granary of the Orange Free State, which lay like an outspread map below him; and though tens of thousands of his subjects, all armed and all mounted, were eager to take a hand in the fighting, and though he could have made the scale dip, for a time at least, to either side, he took the advice of the Resident at his big kraal and kept his people quiet.

In the days of the Zulu War, I had some experience of the Basutos as fighters, and conceived a great respect for their pluck and their knowledge of veldt signs. Colonel Durnford—a well-known soldier, who died in command of a corps of Basutos, refusing to leave the field of Isandula, though his men tried to persuade him to go before it was too late—first told me of the fighting qualities of the little men on ponies, and later, near the Diamond Fields, I had as a guide a half-caste, whose mother was a Basuto, and who narrated wonderful stories of the fighting between the Boers and the Basutos.

According to his own account, the Boers would hang or shoot this half-caste if he set foot in any of their territory; and, if half of his stories were true, they would have had ample cause to do so. He used to describe with zest how the Basutos, well out of sight even of trained eyes, would follow a body of Boers on the trek and make their attack when the wagons were being laagered for the night. The perfect art in this was to burst in just before the last wagons were in

position, for then the Boer scouts were always going back, anxious to drink coffee.

Why this half-caste hated the Boers as fiercely as he did I never knew, but he looked on a dead Boer as the only good Boer, and he described with the utmost delight how, when the laager had been broken into, everything alive within it was assailed. If the last wagon got into line before the Basuto charge got home, and the Boers were able to pour in a fire heavy enough to

stop the charge from the wagons and from between the spokes of the wheels, then the Basutos galloped off, taking their wounded and dead with them.

When the squadron of British mounted infantry with which I served reached the Zulu border some six months before the war, after a very trying time to horseflesh in doing escort to Sir Theophilus Shepstone during his tour of the outlying parts of the Transvaal, half-a-dozen Basutos, soon increased to a score, came across country from the Basuto Mountains to help in the breaking-in of the new horses we required. Their dress was little more than a loin-cloth and a blanket; but they were all men of substance, and brought ponies with them.

They became great friends with Tommy Atkins, who had quite sense enough not to try to patronise them. Two of them spoke a little English, and the others picked up a word or two. A soldier to them, no matter what his rank, was always "Johnny." They had a wonderful art of taming the wild, young, unbroken horses which came to us from the Orange Free State. They first used them to the presence of man, and then gradually accustomed them to be mounted.

They served throughout the war with the squadron, coming and going at intervals. A Basuto would suddenly announce that

he was going to reap his crops, or that his brother was going to be married, and off he would go, relapsing from the comparative civilisation of a corduroy suit into the freedom of a blanket. He would disappear over the veldt, leading his spare ponies, and, ten days later, another uncivilised man, with his ponies, would arrive to take his place. Their eyesight was marvellous, and they knew exactly what to look for and how to look for it. Any scouting party of our men always took a Basuto with them, and he always saw any signs of life on the veldt long before trained British eyes could distinguish it. They had an old enmity for the Zulus, and considered themselves the better fighting-men of the two. When the big mounted reconnaissance, the



MME. MERELLY.



GALLEY.

THE FRENCH BANK CLERK WHO ABSCONDED ON A YACHT WITH £24,000, AND THE WOMAN WHO WENT AWAY WITH HIM.

Galley, a clerk in the Comptoir d'Escompte, absconded the other day with some £24,000, left Paris on a motor, and embarked at Havre on the English yacht "Catarina," which he had hired, with Mme. Merelly. Galley lived two lives—one with his wife and children at Neuilly, another in a second establishment in a street near the Champs Elysées. At the latter address he passed as Baron de Granval, and even had a banking account in that name. Galley was arrested at Bahia, in Brazil, last week, together with his woman-companion and her maid. Mme. Merelly, whose real name is said to be Valentine Sohet, has also been known as the Comtesse de Maude.

Photographs by Hutin, Trampus, and Co.



A RELIC OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF SPAIN IN PARIS: THE SKIN OF CAPTAIN SCHNEIDER'S HORSE, WHICH HAS BEEN MADE INTO A FOOT-RUG FOR KING ALFONSO.

It will be remembered that while the King of Spain was in Paris an attempt was made to assassinate him. The bomb, however, fortunately killed two horses only. The skins of these animals were bought by M. René Lepage—the well-known tanner of Segré, whose agent in this country is Mr. S. M. Frankenstein—were converted into rugs, and were offered to the King of Spain.

Photograph by Godard.



A RELIC OF THE ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION OF THE KING OF SPAIN IN PARIS: THE SKIN OF THE HORSE OF THE GARDE MUNICIPAL, WHICH HAS BEEN MADE INTO A FOOT-RUG FOR KING ALFONSO.

—King Alfonso, in accepting the gift, wrote that as a rule it was against etiquette for him to accept presents from private persons, but that under the circumstances he felt that he must break the rule. The skins were prepared by M. Lepage with the greatest skill, and the marks made by the pieces of the bomb form a prominent feature of the rugs.

Photograph by Godard.

ACTOR, AUTHOR, AND ARTIST: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH AS PAINTER.

SOME EXAMPLES OF THE WELL-KNOWN COMEDIAN'S WORK.



1. "A PORTRAIT." 2. "A PORTRAIT." 3. "MARJORIE," EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. 4. THE ARTIST: MR. WEEDON GROSSMITH.
5. "BREAD-AND-BUTTER DAYS," EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY. 6. "WISHES AND FISHES," EXHIBITED AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

As must now be generally known, Mr. Weedon Grossmith is not only an actor and an author, but an artist who has had a number of his paintings exhibited at the Royal Academy. Mr. Grossmith, before he took up acting as a profession, studied at the Royal Academy Schools, and also at the Slade, and it is the first of these institutions that he presents on the stage in his new play, "The Duffer."

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SOME GENERAL NOTES.

AS is well known, many of the pictures shown on the cinematograph are merely "faked," and are not real. Quite recently it occurred to some Americans that it would be a topical subject to reproduce the lynching of a negro, so they hired a negro to play the principal part, and set to work in a field outside Philadelphia. The negro played his part as to the manner born, and all went splendidly until towards the end, when some humanitarian passers-by, seeing a negro apparently being done to death, set upon the supposed murderers and nearly lynched them in good earnest. It is to be hoped that the camera kept a record of this last scene, which would be the most realistic and interesting of all.

In spite of the constantly increasing number of London theatres, which has caused more than one conservative actor to remark that there will soon not be a large enough public to go round, much less to fill the houses that are open every night, there are times when it would seem that the present supply of theatres is unequal to the demand. This, at all events, is the complaint of Miss Ethel Irving, who, with a very pretty success on her hands in Mr. Sidney Bowkett's "Lucky Miss Dean," finds herself at the end of her tenancy of the Criterion, with nowhere to which she can transfer her attraction. This is the more unfortunate, for Miss Irving, as every playgoer knows, has made a very plucky bid for success. Not to be altogether outdone, however, Miss Irving starts a short tour with Mr. Bowkett's piece at the Coronet on Sept. 11th. Mr. Charles Hawtrey is to play the part created by Mr. Marsh Allen.

From America again comes a tale of something big. A lady elephant in New York, it seems, developed awkward fits of temper, and her proprietors, suspecting the cause, had her put under chloroform and inspected her teeth. Sure enough, there was a double tooth—perhaps we should call it a treble tooth, seeing that it was estimated to weigh three and a-half pounds—which was found to be much decayed. So they summoned a dentist, who cut away the decayed part and filled the enormous hole with gold. When she woke up, Mrs. Elephant is said to have shown her gratitude to her keeper. Presumably the dentist did not wait for his patient to embrace him. But how on earth do you chloroform an elephant? It must be rather like poulticing a giraffe with a sore throat.

There is an Austrian reservist at Marienbad who was summoned the other day to do his annual drill at Eger. Olschinsky, however, is no ordinary reservist: he is a comic actor of rare powers, a sort of Austrian Grossmith, and the local theatre-manager was in despair. There were several plays which King Edward wanted to see, and it was no use putting them on without the incomparable Olschinsky. In this extremity the manager had the happy thought of telegraphing to the Emperor Francis Joseph. This worked like magic. Straight there came a wire from the Austrian equivalent to Mr. Arnold-Forster to headquarters, and King Edward was able to enjoy the performances of the liberated son of Mars.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), short sets of verses, illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories and verses are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect and the name and address of the sender written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Rejected contributions are invariably returned within the shortest possible time.

Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

All stories, verses, and articles should be type-written.

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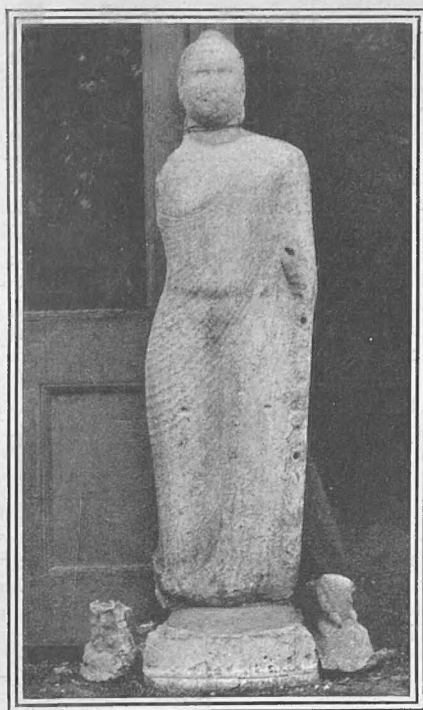
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A SUPPOSED NELSON RELIC: A MARBLE BUDDHA JUST DISCOVERED IN THE GROUNDS OF HAMILTON HOUSE, MERTON.

Photograph supplied by E. E. Mann.

force north of the Tweed. The Prince and Princess of Wales will spend their last weeks of home life before starting for the East at Abergeldie; and the King is expected on Deeside towards the end of September. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught are also, it is said, going North this year, while their son, Prince Arthur, has already been in Scotland some time paying sporting visits.

A Royal Rumour. It is still rumoured on the Continent that King Alfonso has set his heart on a British Queen, and it is believed that His Most Catholic Majesty was much attracted while in this country by Princess Beatrice of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who is the only unmarried daughter of the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, and first-cousin to the Tsar. Her Royal Highness, who is very good-looking, has been chaperoned this season by her aunt and godmother, Princess Henry of Battenberg. She is already older than were any of her elder sisters at the time of their marriages.

The Prince and The Mackintosh. The Prince of Wales's visit to The Mackintosh of Mackintosh at Moy Hall, Inverness, draws attention to one of the most typical and interesting of Scottish chieftains. The Mackintosh is chief of the great Clan Chattan, which includes the Farquharsons and eleven others. He is a tall, wiry, slightly built man, with a fair moustache, who by no means looks his fifty-four years. Notwithstanding his intense High-

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK

THE QUEEN decided to spend her Scottish holiday at Balmoral instead of at Mar Lodge, but Her Majesty has more than once motored over to her eldest daughter's beautiful Deeside home. The Queen is very fond of this part of Scotland. As a young married woman she lived a portion of each autumn at Birkhall, and it was during this period of the then Princess of Wales's life that a lifelong intimacy was formed with the parents of the present Duke of Fife. Royalty is mustering in great

land patriotism. The Mackintosh brought his bride from Wales, the daughter of the late Mr. Edward Priest Richards, of Plas Newydd, county Glamorgan, and now he is Master of the Glamorganshire Hounds. He is also a capital shot, and is a very good hand at the national Scottish sport of curling. His son and heir celebrated his twentieth birthday at the beginning of this month. The Mackintosh owns 124,000 acres in Inverness-shire, rugged territory enough, and his seat of Moy Hall is chiefly remarkable for the collection of Jacobite relics there, which are sure to interest the Prince of Wales intensely. His Royal Highness has inherited Queen Victoria's pride in her Stuart ancestry. The Mackintosh succeeded his brother in 1876. The late Chief was married to Miss Margaret Graham, sister of Sir Richard Graham, of Netherby, and she afterwards married the Earl of Verulam.

The Empress of China's Car.

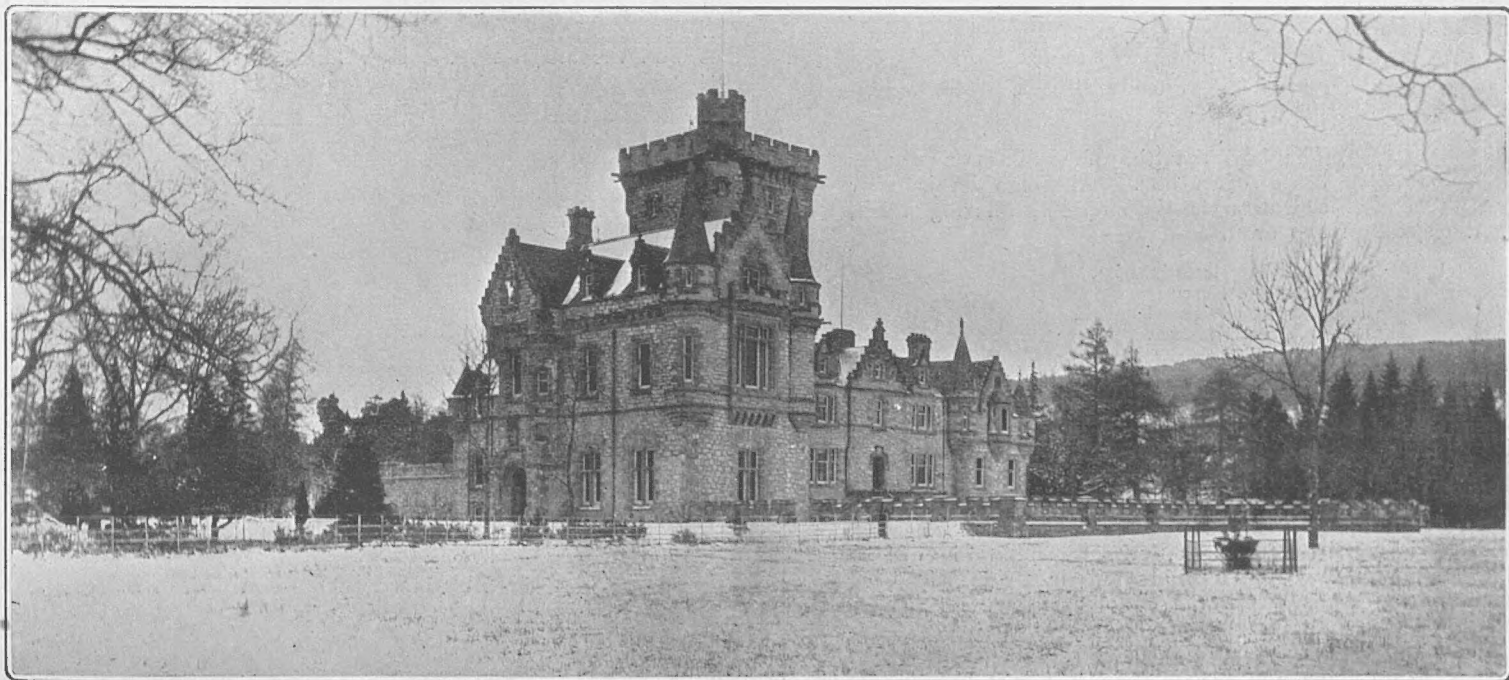
The Empress of China is a wonderful old lady, who seems to get more up to date every year she lives. She has ordered in France a magnificent car in which she will travel on the Chinese railways. It is about the length of a Pullman car, and at each end there is a balcony with balustrades of hammered iron. The car is divided into six compartments, the first two being upholstered in blue satin and devoted to the suite. Then comes the Empress's room, which is the width of the carriage and is lighted by six large bow-windows. The ceiling is decorated with paintings, and the furniture consists of a large oaken table and half-a-dozen wide and comfortable arm-chairs. At each end of the saloon are two huge divans, which also serve as beds, and beyond is a beautifully fitted dressing-room with every modern luxury. The kitchen and offices take up the rest of the car, which is lighted throughout by electricity. The carriage is now being shipped to China from Antwerp.



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO MOY HALL: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS'S HOST, THE MACKINTOSH.

The Mackintosh is chief of the Clan Chattan, in which are embodied twelve others, including the Farquharsons. He is an excellent shot, and is also a good hand at curling.

Photograph by Whyte



THE PRINCE OF WALES'S VISIT TO THE MACKINTOSH: MOY HALL, INVERNESS.

Moy Hall contains a remarkable collection of Jacobite relics. The Mackintosh is the owner of some 124,000 acres in Inverness-shire.

Photograph by Whyte.



THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: THE CENTRAL HALL.

The Dublin Horse Show.

In spite of the fire on the eve of the opening, which consumed more than sixty stalls, the Dublin Horse Show at Ball's Bridge was a great success. It says much for the energy and skill of Mr. Moss, the registrar, that the damage done by the fire, estimated at £6,000, was so quickly repaired. Next to politics, and perhaps potatoes, horses may be considered the staple industry of Ireland, and you see at Ball's Bridge the very cream and flower of equine Erin. It is a good sign that the number of entries was larger than last year, although two counties had to be excluded as suffering from that fearsome disease, epizootic lymphangitis. The "Lord Lift'nt" and Lady Dudley and the Duke of Connaught, who all know a good horse when they see him, paid long visits, as did also such notable critics as Lord Coventry, for so many years Master of the Buckhounds; Lord Grenfell, Lord Waterford, and Sir Redvers Buller. An exhibition of characteristically Irish arts and crafts—lace, embroidery, wood-carving, and the like—proved a very popular "side-show." On the two "fashionable" days, as they are called, the beauty and gaiety of Ireland seemed to be concentrated in the grand stand and other enclosures. Chief Secretary Long was there, driving in his own four-in-hand, and the "lepping" and trotting competitions delighted the whole assemblage.

A Broth of a Boy.

The boy Smarth, of Hull, is a regular broth of a boy. Although he is only seventeen, he is charged with having stolen, all in the space of two or three days—

Item, one steam launch;
one bicycle;
twenty postal orders;
other articles.

He also broke jail at Boston, climbing a waterspout fifty feet high, and descending the exhaust-pipe of a gas-engine. This is what the local reporter describes as "the giddy path on the road to liberty." Unfortunately, Smarth's intelligence seems to be hardly equal to his daring, for he fell into a very ordinary police ambush, and was returned to the cells at Boston by a less giddy path than that by which he had emerged. Now, if he is convicted of these thefts, we suppose he will be sent to prison in the old stupid way, and a very promising piece of human material will not only be wasted, but turned, in all probability, into an habitual criminal. As the new Headmaster of Eton says in one of his books, "Already we have too many sheep about the place," and it seems a pity that so extremely unsheepish a boy as Smarth did not have his energies properly guided from the first.

Major Seely's Son.

Congratulations to Major J. E. B. Seely, M.P. for the Isle of Wight, and his charming wife, on their new son, who will be rapturously welcomed by two brothers and two sisters. Major Seely is only thirty-seven, but he has already played many parts. Barrister and Imperial Yeoman, he was earning his "D.S.O." in South Africa when he was elected for the Island as a Conservative by a four-figure majority without having made a single speech. Mrs. Seely, who is a daughter of Colonel the Hon. Henry Crichton and niece of the Earl of Erne, did it all for him. Her address to the electors, in which she naïvely wrote, "You will realise how anxious I am for his success," proved perfectly irresistible. Since that day, the gallant Major has changed his side, and was re-elected unopposed as a Liberal last year. He is the only practical lifeboatman in the House, and on one occasion he saved a French ship by swimming to it with a lifeline. That earned him the thanks of the French Government. Major Seely is a magnificently tall, wiry man, and he is such a good speaker that the future probably holds great things for him politically.

Lord Grey's Grandson.

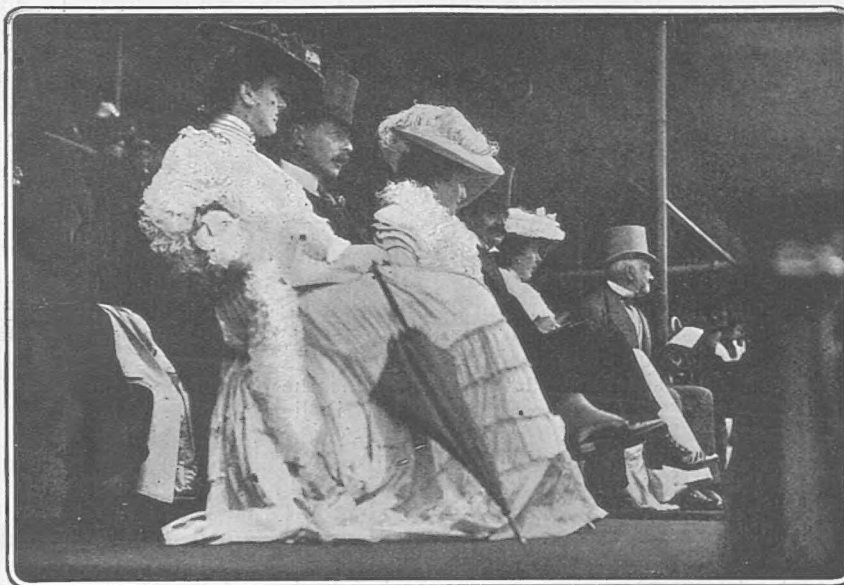
Lady Victoria Grenfell's little son, born the other day, gives a grandson to the Governor-General of Canada and Countess Grey. Lady Victoria Grey's marriage to Mr. Arthur Grenfell was one of the most interesting of the 1901 season. The bride was a god-daughter of Queen Victoria, and everyone remembered the wonderful ball which her uncle, Captain Holford, gave in her honour at Dorchester House, where also her wedding reception was held. Mr. Grenfell is one of the large family of the late Mr. Pascoe Grenfell, which numbered originally nine sons and four daughters. By an extraordinary coincidence, two of the daughters married into the Bulteel family, which consisted of nine daughters and four sons!

The Grenfells have always been a clever family, and it is a significant fact that Max Müller, Froude, Kingsley, and Lord Sydney Godolphin Osborne ("S. G. O.") all married daughters of the house.

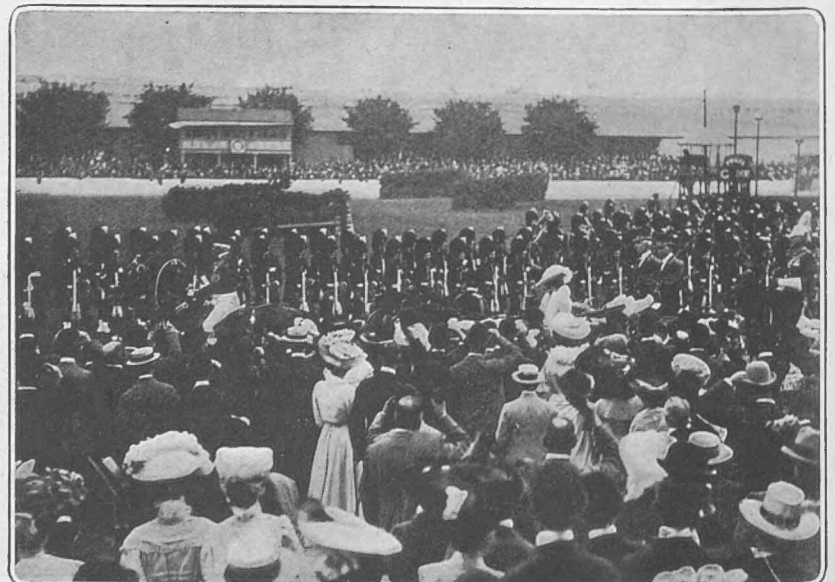
Two Scottish Hearts.

The Master of Sinclair's engagement to Miss Violet Frances Kennedy brings together two typically Scottish families. The bride is the only child of Colonel Murray Kennedy of Knocknalling and Knockroch, a great laird in Gallo-way, and she will be twenty-four next month. The bridegroom is thirty; an old Etonian who got his troop in the Scots Greys, the famous "Bubbly Jocks" who have the Tsar for their Colonel. The Master of Sinclair served all through the Boer War, as becomes the heir of a fighting race. One of his ancestors was killed on Flodden Field, another was out in the '15, while his father, the fifteenth Lord Sinclair, is a Crimean hero who also won the medal for the New Zealand War of the 'sixties.

Lady Dudley. Lord Dudley.



THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: THE VICEREGAL PARTY WATCHING THE CONTESTS.



THE DUBLIN HORSE SHOW: LORD AND LADY DUDLEY LEAVING THE SHOW GROUNDS.

Prince Roland Bonaparte and His Daughter, Princess Marie.

It is certainly in accordance with the fitness of things that a Bonaparte should live in the Avenue d'Iéna, in Paris, the name of which perpetuates one of Napoleon's greatest victories. The house, or rather palace, is of white stone, very simple, and in exquisite, restrained taste. Here are the curiosities which Prince Roland has brought back from his many travels in Japan, Java, and the Dutch Indies; here, too, is the magnificent library, illustrative particularly of history and geography, which the Prince has taken years to collect. Space fails to tell of all the Napoleonic relics here preserved. Prince Roland is forty-seven, the son of Prince Peter, who was the seventh child of Prince Lucien, the great Emperor's third brother. Prince Roland is thus the nephew of that Prince Louis Lucien who made his home in England, and attained eminence as a chemist and linguist. Prince Roland is considered to be extraordinarily like the great Napoleon, although he stands well over six feet. His father's marriage did not please Napoleon III., and he and his sister, Princess Jeanne, now Marquise de Villeneuve, were at first educated in Belgium, their parents being by no means rich. Ultimately, the young Roland was allowed to enter St. Cyr, and soon after joining the French Army he married, in 1880, Marie, the elder of the two daughters of the enormously wealthy M. Blanc, the founder of Monte Carlo. Princess Roland, however, died two years later, having given birth to a daughter, Princess Marie, who is now twenty-three. She has been extremely well educated, is very musical, and in her handsome, well-marked features may certainly be traced the characteristics of her father's family.



PRINCE ROLAND BONAPARTE.

Prince Roland Bonaparte is the son of Prince Peter, the seventh child of Prince Lucien, third brother of the great Napoleon. He has a splendid collection of Napoleonic relics in his house in the Avenue d'Iéna, Paris.

Photograph by Pirou.



A POPULAR DÉBUTANTE: MISS ABERCROMBY.

Miss Abercromby is the elder of Lady Northbrook's two daughters by her first husband. Her "coming-out" ball was a most notable function.

Photograph by the Cosway Gallery.

very popular in Society. Her "coming-out" ball, which will be long remembered, took place—not at her stepfather's own house in Belgrave Square (he was then Lord Baring), but at the house in Portman Square which old Lord Northbrook had recently bought. Miss Abercromby's pure-white costume set off her singular beauty admirably; while her mother, who is a remarkably tall, fair-haired Irishwoman, was in grey.

Mr. Chamberlain's "Cure."

Aix-les-Bains, where Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Chamberlain are trying to forget the Fiscal Question for awhile, is perhaps the most agreeable, because the quietest, of French watering-places. About the bright little town encircled by the lovely Savoy Alps there still lingers something of the stately peace of another age, and the "Établissement" is most luxuriously equipped from the point of view of those visitors who really mean business and not only pleasure. Every kind of rheumatic affection is cured at Aix-en-Savoie, to give it the old name, and Queen Victoria during the last twenty years of her life had one favourite bathing-woman who each year journeyed to Windsor to give her late Majesty a course of the treatment. The "Établissement" is on the site of the old Roman Baths, and among its many attractions is a warm swimming-pool for ladies. Life at Aix is an easy, unsophisticated affair. In

some cases the treatment begins in the very early morning, and even the two excellent Casinos offer no inducements to the lover of late hours. The most agreeable excursion is a drive to Lake Bourget, immortalised by Lamartine in "Le Lac." On the banks of this beautiful sheet of water is the fine old castle-monastery which was the cradle of the Royal House of Savoy, and there all the ancestors of the present King of Italy are buried. La Grande Chartreuse is another and far more distant expedition, but one which many of the visitors to Aix undertake.

Bracken à la Brownlow.

Lord Brownlow has been supporting Baron Suyematsu's recommendation of bracken as a toothsome vegetable. He has tried it himself, and has found it excellent, but only if well cooked, otherwise it is "very nasty." Certainly it is curious to think how comparatively modern is the use of most of our vegetables. When good Queen Bess came to the throne, her lieges only ate two—cabbages and onions; and when the potato was introduced it was not much to boast of, being small and full of "eyes."

Reform in these things must come from the top. Lord Brownlow also recommended nettles, but the working-classes will eat neither bracken nor nettles unless the "hupper suckles" set the example. Now is the time for some enterprising doctor to make a course of nettle-bracken treatment fashionable!

A Musical Peeress.

Lady Galloway is abright and clever Irishwoman hailing from Wexford, in which county her late father, Mr. Anthony Cliffe, had his seat of Belle Vue. It is fourteen years since she married the gallant Scottish soldier, who had seen glorious service with the old 42nd, both in the Crimea and the Indian Mutiny, and who succeeded his brother in the earldom four years ago. The late Lord Galloway left his heir all his Scottish estates except Cumloden, and even of that there



A MUSICAL PEERESS: LADY GALLOWAY.

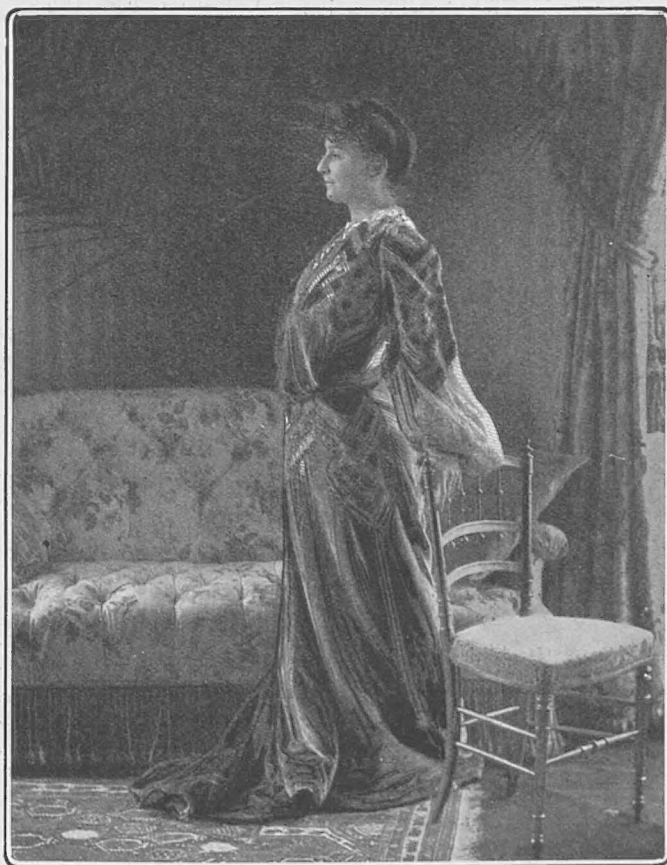
Lady Galloway is devoted to music, and she is noted for the musical parties she gives at her town house in Eccleston Square.

Photograph by Thomson.

was an option of purchase, of which the present peer promptly availed himself. Alike amid the deep woods of Cumloden, at Galloway House, with its noble views of the Cumberland mountains, and at her husband's shooting-box of Glen Trool, on the lovely loch of Trool, Lady Galloway is a delightful hostess. Music is her passion, and her musical parties at her town house in Eccleston Square are noted among the devotees of the cult. All the Stewarts of this ilk go to Harrow as a matter of course, and Lady Galloway's two manly little boys, Lord Garlies and Master Keith Anthony Stewart, will worthily carry on the tradition. Lady Galloway is much attached to her sister-in-law, Mary, Lady Galloway, who is, of course, a half-sister of the late Lord Salisbury.

"Are You a Bear?"

A capital story which, if it is not true, ought to be, is told of Mr. Neumann, who is Farquharson of Invercauld's tenant on Deeside. The late Queen Victoria showed much kindness to Mr. and Mrs. Neumann when she was on Deeside, and one day when she was honouring them with a visit she asked him, "Sind Sie Baier?" meaning "Are you a Bavarian?" But the great financier took the word in the familiar City sense of "bear," and much mystified Her Majesty by replying, "Not at present prices, Ma'am!" The Queen laughed heartily when the mistake was explained to her.



PRINCESS MARIE BONAPARTE.

Princess Marie Bonaparte is the daughter of Prince Roland Bonaparte and of his wife Marie, the elder of the two daughters of M. Blanc, the founder of Monte Carlo.

Viceregal Host and Hostess.

In Lord and Lady Minto the Prince and Princess of Wales will find agreeable and familiar hosts during their Indian tour—supposing always that there is no truth in the rumour that the tour may be abandoned. Lady Minto has a double claim to her future Sovereign's affectionate regard, for she is a daughter of that General Grey who was on terms of close personal friendship with the Prince Consort, and as a girl she was the chosen companion of the younger Princesses. Indian Society will welcome with delight the new Viceroy's three lovely daughters, one of whom is not yet out. Lord Minto and his wife recall in some respects Lord and Lady Dufferin, whose noble Indian record is still remembered with gratitude in our great Eastern Empire.

A Spanish Marriage.

The reported engagement of the Infanta Maria Teresa, now the only sister of our recent royal guest, King Alfonso, to Prince Ferdinand of Bavaria is interesting for several reasons. To begin with, her Royal Highness is the next in succession to the throne of Spain. She will be twenty-three in November, and, as she is thus more nearly of an age with the King than the lamented Princess of the Asturias, she naturally became his favourite sister. As a child, he delighted in playing with her and sharing all her amusements, and even some of her lessons. She is curiously like his Majesty both in appearance and in temperament, having all his lively, merry disposition, as well as his regular, delicate features, bright eyes, and broad forehead.

The Bridegroom.

Prince Ferdinand (he has eleven other Christian names!) is the elder son of Prince Louis of Bavaria by his marriage with the Infanta Maria de la Paz of Spain, and he is therefore first-cousin to the Infanta Maria Teresa. He was born at Madrid twenty-one years ago, and holds a commission *à la suite* in the 2nd Regiment of Bavarian Heavy Cavalry. His father is an admirable musician, and even a composer of some note, in addition to being something of a doctor—therein following the example of his uncle, Duke Charles Theodore, who is a successful oculist—and he has written a treatise on pleurisy. Prince Ferdinand's mother, Princess Louise, has a real poetic gift, her poems being almost always in Spanish. She is also exceedingly charitable, having founded the Children's Association of Seraphic Charity, of which her daughter, Princess Paz, who was said to be intended to marry the King of Spain, is President.

An Anglo-Scottish Alliance.

The engagement of Mr. Evelyn Leveson-Gower to Miss Elo Farquharson, sister of Farquharson of Invercauld (it is wrong to call him plain "Mister"), is of special interest to the Royal Family, who have honoured both families with their friendship, as well as to the general public. The bridegroom, who is thirty-three, is a younger brother of Mr. Granville Leveson-Gower, of Titsey Place, Surrey. He and his ten brothers and three sisters were all christened Gresham, in addition to their other names, after Sir John Gresham, the last baronet of Titsey, their grandfather. The bride, who bears the pretty names of Elo Janet Catherine, comes of a family who have, perhaps, the proudest and most ancient

Miss Roosevelt's Sailor.

The fair Americans have, it is well known, practically annexed our Peerage and have married into some of the most famous historic families of the Continent. But it is reserved to Miss Alice Roosevelt, who is, so to speak, America's Princess Royal—at any rate, during her father's Presidency—to receive an offer of marriage from a real live Sultan.

Miss Roosevelt was visiting the Philippines, accompanied by Mr. Taft, an old friend of the Roosevelt family, who, it will be remembered, recently stepped into the shoes of the much-lamented Mr. John Hay, when she received from the Sultan of Sulu this (more or less) flattering proposal. Prompted either by her own native diplomacy or by that of Mr. Taft, the young lady replied that she would consider the matter. Probably she will go on considering it for a pretty long time, seeing that the dusky potentate has already got seven Sultanates. Moreover, there is a dreadful rumour that Miss Alice is not the first to be thus honoured by his Majesty of Sulu. Another American girl, it is said, was offered last year the royal hand and an eighth part of the royal heart, and is still thinking it over, while the Sultan has been sending her strings of valuable pearls to assist her meditations.

French Starch.

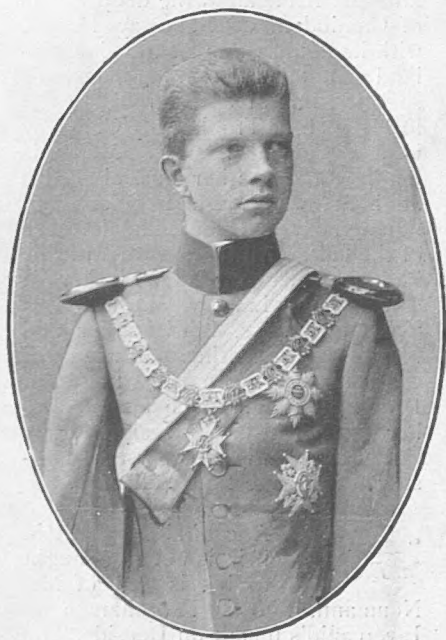
It is significant that a French journalist over here for the recent reception of Admiral Caillard and his merry men should have noticed particularly the hearty abandon with which the Prince of Wales joined in the familiar chorus, "For he's a jolly good fellow!" "We have nothing like that in France," said this observer; "we are too much buttoned-up and tight-laced." It is true enough that French officialism is an appalling thing, and the French Civil Service is out of all proportion to the real needs of the country. To be a permanent official, even a very humble one, is the great and consuming ambition of hundreds of thousands of Frenchmen, and they besiege Ministers, Senators, and Deputies—everyone who has any "influence." No wonder a great many little posts have been created in the various State departments. But it is only fair to add that these posts are ill-paid, and yet the State does obtain the services of extremely competent men, who are delighted to get them because of the social position they confer. And your French official, when once you have penetrated below the starch, is a very human creature. This French appreciation of our Sailor Prince suggests that if His Royal Highness were to pay a visit to one of the great French ports it would still further cement the *Entente Cordiale*.

It is notorious that French judges, too—are not wholly indifferent to feminine charms. But really the latest story on this subject seems a little "steep," and we may observe that it also recalls incidentally Lord Chief Justice Coleridge's famous question, "Who is Connie Gilchrist?" Well, the story is that a young and lovely actress declined to take a part in a "curtain-raiser," and was consequently sued for breach of contract. Her counsel, who must have had his tongue in his cheek, if we may judge by our own junior Bar, had a brilliant idea. He pointed to the slender figure of the charming defendant, and asked how any manager could be so brutal as to order this delicate lady *de lever le rideau*—to work the machinery of a heavy theatre-curtain! And, without the slightest hesitation, the Court decided to give her a verdict with costs.



THE WIFE OF THE NEW VICEROY OF INDIA:
THE COUNTESS OF MINTO.

Photograph by Langflier.



THE FORTHCOMING SPANISH MARRIAGE:
PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA, WHO IS
ENGAGED TO THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA.

Prince Ferdinand is the elder son of Prince Louis of Bavaria by his marriage with the Infanta Maria de la Paz of Spain, and is thus cousin to his future bride.

Photograph by Baumann.

lineage in bonnie Scotland. Invercauld, the stately mansion in the Scottish baronial style, which seems to preside over one of the most wild and romantic glens in all Aberdeenshire, only dates from some thirty years ago, but portions of the ancient house have been preserved.



THE FORTHCOMING SPANISH MARRIAGE:
THE INFANTA MARIA TERESA, WHO IS
ENGAGED TO PRINCE FERDINAND OF BAVARIA.

The Infanta Maria Teresa is the only sister of King Alfonso, and is next in succession to the throne of Spain. She will be twenty-three in November.

Photograph by Fransen.

"LADY MADCAP" ON HER TRAVELS.



MISS MARIE STUDHOLME AS LADY BETTY CLARRIDGE ON TOUR.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

HOW are the mighty fallen! I read that Paulus, the erstwhile famous comic singer, whose reputation spread from Paris all over the cafés-chantants of Europe, has been obliged to seek the shelter of a benevolent institution that opens its doors to necessitous actors. When I saw the great man for the first time, he and I were some fifteen years younger, and he was all the rage. His income must have been equal to that enjoyed by a Cabinet Minister or a fashionable palmist, and the outlines suggested by his waistcoat inclined to generosity. Later, I saw him in a small hall whose fortunes he directed. Worldwide popularity had waned, but the waistcoat remained constant to its former suggestion of prosperity. He still stood for a somewhat flamboyant patriotism, the sort of thing that was seen in London when the Boer War broke out, though in Paris its hold upon his patrons was of the slightest. But I am sorry indeed that the lion-comique has fallen into the snares of adversity. For the man or woman who has never known a generous measure of success trouble is a comparatively small thing, while to come to grief in old age when you have had exceptional success is doubly hard.

Summer Visitors. It is interesting to learn that among the intelligent visitors who help to make London less empty in August there are several gangs of clever thieves. The very best and brightest come from across the Atlantic, for the United States of America are not content to send citizens who have made their pile—they also send gentlemen who have failed to “arrive” in the land of the wooden nutmeg, and believe that they will have an easier and quicker task in these happy islands. Really, our cousins are wise in their generation. How many people go to the country leaving their flats or houses secured by fastenings that seem made to provide mirth for intelligent burglars? If flats and private houses were sufficiently attractive to this enterprising class no careless householder would be safe; but happily they fly at higher game, holding that a jeweller's shop yields better rewards and carries no more risks. I see that Croydon has been visited by some really clever professional gentlemen alleged to be citizens of the United States, who left Surrey's county town some thousands of pounds to the bad. The inhabitants must feel quite glad of a little change of misfortune. For some months past they have had nothing but fires to talk about.

Turkish Fairy Tales. The fiction to hand from Constantinople during the past few weeks would suggest that some of the authorities at Yildiz Kiosk, forgetful of the prohibitions of the Koran, have been indulging in the forbidden grape-juice, and are seeing bombs instead of snakes. While there are not wanting certain shrewd observers to declare that the explosion outside the Mosque was a put-up job, we receive almost daily assurances of fresh discoveries of high explosives. With some knowledge of the internal economy of the Holy Turkish Empire I incline to the belief that the reigning favourites of the Palace are anxious to have a little autumn sport among the coverts of the discontented. There will be some big bags for the Turkish prisons, which are, I believe, the worst in Europe. At least, I was so

assured by a veteran who went through one in the time of the last Armenian massacres. He told me that he had suffered during a vile in Bulgaria, Greece, and Spain, and that, for sheer horror, the prisons of Abdul Hamid II. took an easy first.

Soldier Poets.

We are assured that cobblers should stick to their lasts, and the publication of the little trifles exchanged by Generals Oyama and Nogi leads me to believe that the advice is sound. In translation, at any rate, the verses sent by the one great soldier to the other are remarkably bald, and have some suggestion of monotony. Each General declares that he has been out for some time, that he has seen springtime and harvest, moonrise and star-shine, and that he is in no hurry to go home. Perhaps there was some subtle significance about the publication of the verses, and they were intended to remind M. de Witte and Baron von Rosen that the end is not in sight so far as the redoubtable warriors of the Island Empire are concerned. If my conjecture be justified, then the verses may pass; if I am wrong, and they are to be judged as literary efforts, I think the gallant Generals would do well to rely for immortality upon their achievements in the stricken field. At the same time, the soldiers who can defeat the Russian forces and master their own language may claim to have succeeded in two of the most difficult tasks that could well be set before mortal man.

The International Conference.

I see that France and Germany and the rest of the Powers are likely to meet in Tangier or Madrid for the discussion about Morocco's future. I hope that the former city will be chosen finally, for it lends itself to the dissemination of interesting news. I remember being there some few years ago when a large-sized rebellion was in progress. There were correspondents by the dozen, most of them quite innocent of Arabic. They had to send news to justify their existence, and realised that union is strength. So a small and select company used to hold a daily conference in a café, and decide over their *aguardiente* upon the news that seemed most readable. Having selected the items, they wired them to their respective papers. But even then an Englishman, not unknown to me, went one better. He could get little reliable news, but he invariably sent a wire to contradict the intelligence invented by his foreign brethren. In this manner he made a good name for himself, for he at least was always right in the end.

A Foolish Lottery-Winner.

I note that there are still foolish people in the world. My paper tells me that a young German stoker won 150,000 dollars in a New York lottery, and, less wise than Madame Hofer, promptly added “von” to his name, and travelled to Paris as a saloon passenger, determined to spend his newly acquired fortune there. As it so happens, however, another and a more ingenious individual will probably dissipate it for him. This worthy met the young German, made friends with him, drank with him, learned the story of his luck—and relieved him of his £30,000. As a result, the unfortunate stoker has had to confess his stupidity, to ask the German Consul for a free passage home, and, presumably, to abandon the coveted “von.”



THE HIGHEST ELECTRIC-LIFT IN THE WORLD: THE 520-FOOT IRON TOWER FROM WHICH VISITORS TO THE BÜRGENSTOCK GAIN A VIEW OVER THE LAKE OF THE FOUR CANTONS.
Photograph by Krenn.

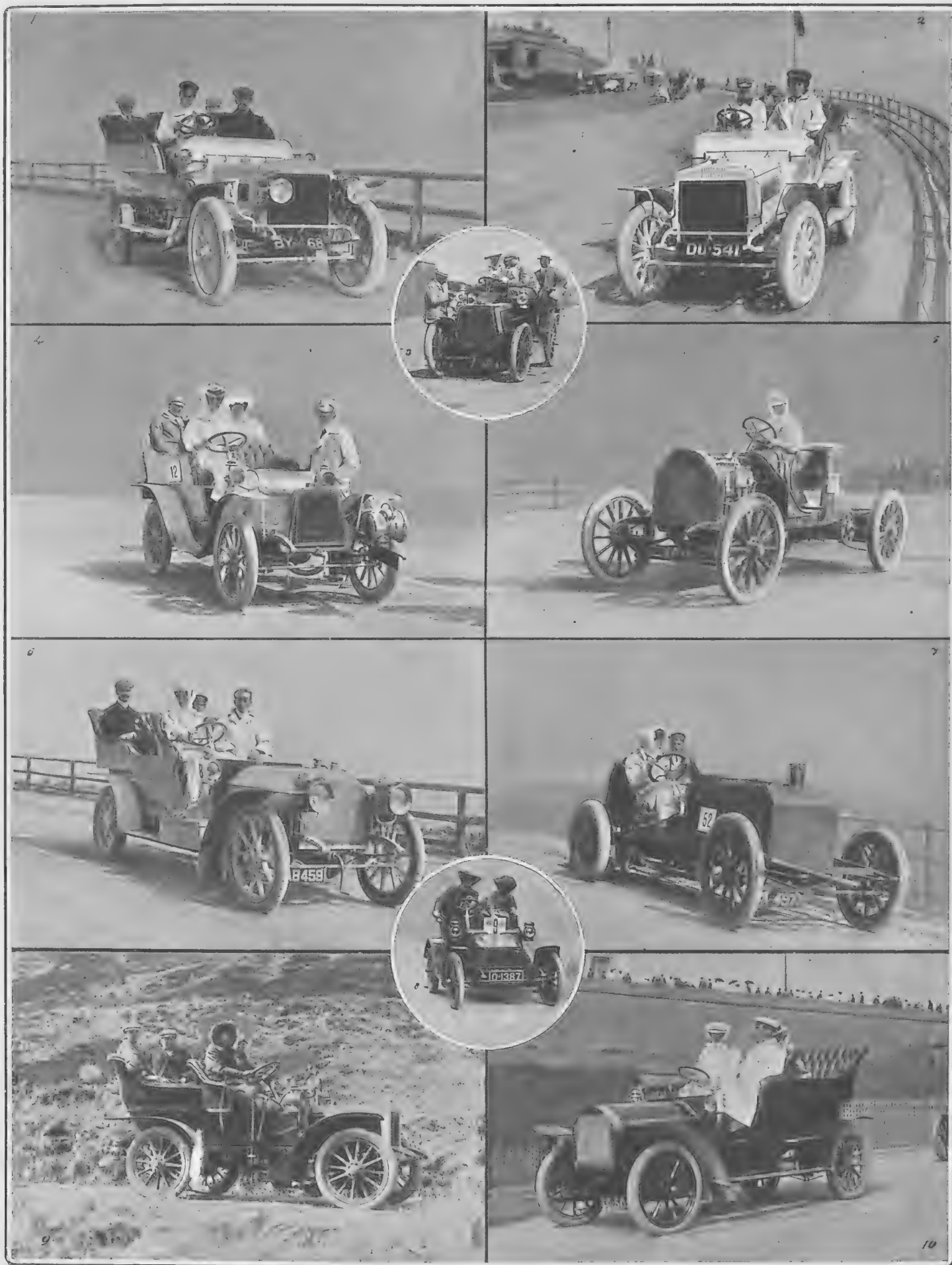


THE JOURNEYINGS OF THE JEZREELITES: MESSRS. JAMES AND CHARLES AT THEIR HOUSE IN THE ROMFORD ROAD.

The breaking-up of the community of Jezreelites at Chatham has spread the members of the sect over numerous districts. Two of its followers, Messrs. James and Charles (the Jezreelites seem to be known by their Christian names only) have settled in the Romford Road. In the window of their house may be seen a poster bearing a reproduction of the famous Flying Roll, which the founder of the sect claimed contained sacred writings from Jerusalem interpreting the Scriptures.

Photograph by Park.

GODDESSES OF SPEED: FAMOUS LADY MOTORISTS ON THEIR CARS.



1. MRS. HERBERT LLOYD ON HER 30 H.P. DAIMLER.

4. MRS. NEVILL COPELAND ON HER 12-14 H.P. TALBOT.

6. MISS VICTORIA GODWIN ON HER 30-35 H.P. ARIEL-SIMPLEX.

9. THE HON. MRS. LODER ON HER 10-12 H.P. ARGVLL.

3. MRS. GUY HARDY ON HER 10 H.P. PANHARD.

8. MISS LARKIN ON HER 6 H.P. WOLSELEY.

2. MRS. MAUD MANVILLE ON HER 35 H.P. DAIMLER.

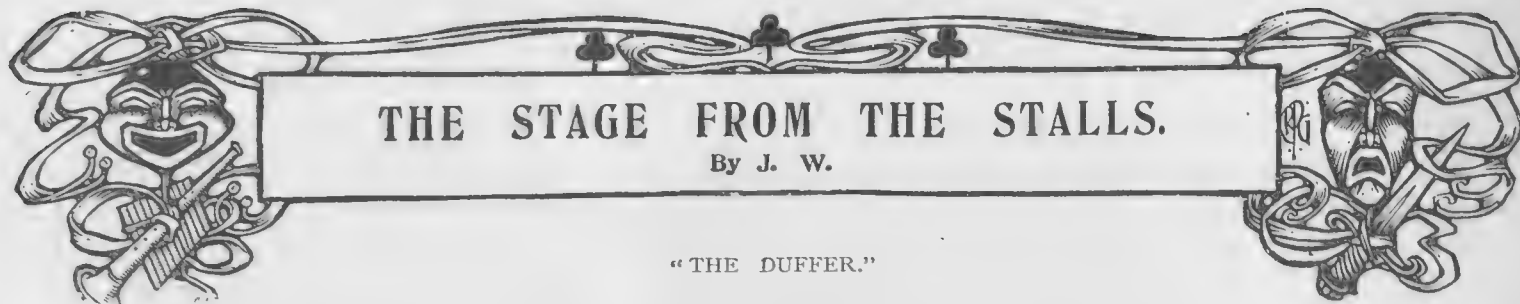
5. MISS DOROTHY HAMPDEN ON HER 60 H.P. MERCEDES.

7. MISS DOROTHY LEVITT ON HER 80 H.P. NAPIER.

10. MISS A. M. HIND ON HER 18-28 H.P. GNOME.

All the ladies who are here shown on their cars have made public appearances as drivers in motor-races or reliability trials. Both Mrs. Lloyd and Mrs. Manville drove at the recent Brighton meeting, as did Miss Victoria Godwin, Miss Dorothy Levitt, Miss Hind, Mrs. Guy Hardy, and Mrs. Nevill Copeland. Miss Levitt, whose name is perhaps better known than that of any other lady in connection with speed motoring, drove at Blackpool the other day. Miss Hampden was also seen at Blackpool. Miss Larkin and the Hon. Mrs. Loder have both driven in reliability trials.

Photographs by the "Topical Press."



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By J. W.

"THE DUFFER."

OBVIOUSLY, it ought to be a brilliant remedy for the present discontents that actor-managers who do not suit the plays they get from others should write the plays to suit themselves. An actor-manager presumably knows exactly the kind of witty things he likes to say, the kind of noble figure that he likes to cut. Others may insist on thinking him funny, and in keeping him as funny as their own powers of inspiring funniness will allow. Or they may think him magnificently tragic, never guessing for a moment what a

wild wag he really is. How should they know? How should anybody know, save the manager himself, the unsuspected qualities that lie dormant in his art? Once at a suburban pantomime I met a comic man who for five minutes indulged in the luxury of genuine pathos. There was—there could be—only one explanation. It was writ large on the programme, for that pathetic comic man was a part-author of the play. The pathos was his part.

But it is not only in respect of his humour or his tragic powers that an actor-manager may find himself imperfectly exploited

the haunts of his pre-theatrical days. We are bound, therefore, to take his word for it that his picture of life in a studio is accurately drawn. Otherwise we should have had our doubts. Perhaps things have changed since he was a student, and work was all intervals for rest occupied in making love. We learn also what Mr. Grossmith thinks about himself—that it is, for instance, not so much the funny things he says as the funny way he says them. Which is perfectly true: and more true in this particular play than usual, for the wit which he has shown as a writer in the past does not shine with any great brilliance in "The Duffer," though his acting does a good deal to fill up the gap. Further, he is not only comic, but a good fellow at heart, and on occasion heroic: as when he paints in the face of the competition-picture of his friend and rival, thereby destroying his own chance of winning the medal, and at the same time proving himself not only an artist but a genius with a great future. The difficulty here lies in the picture itself. Stage geniuses are wise, as a rule, if they carefully conceal from the audience all samples of their work. The vision of this picture on the easel robs the situation of all its intended effect: unless the effect intended is a savage attack upon the Royal Academy's method of distributing medals, in which case the scene is the best thing in the play.

This, a couple of offers of marriage rejected and a final offer accepted, are all that Mr. Grossmith gives himself to do; with them, amplified and expanded as required, and seasoned by his own particular humour, he manages to fill up the evening pretty well. The rest is an antiquated love-story which has not even the merits of a personal paragraph to recommend it. Our old friend, the lover who thinks his love is another's and everything is somebody else's, who steadfastly shuts his eyes to all hints to the contrary, or, when that expedient is becoming thin, is interrupted by the entrance of other characters, and who leaves the lady to pine in poverty till his return, is becoming too much of an old friend to be accepted even from Mr. Grossmith; nor is there much to be said for the enthusiast who loves her too, helps her secretly (after certain ambiguities of conduct which make it uncertain whether he is the hero that he looks or the villain that he ought to be), and is ultimately and after much tribulation persuaded to devote himself to his art. Herein does the play by the actor fall short of the ideal. The mere dramatist could not have invented anything

much more tiresome than this, though it must be confessed that the attempt has often been made, and with considerable success. Mr. Henry Ainley, Mr. W. T. Lovell, and Miss Beryl Faber do their best with the three parts, but fail to rouse much interest. A brighter spot is the playing of Miss Gertrude Kingston as the object of Mr. Grossmith's most important proposal, and she describes an adventure at the Doré Gallery as if she really enjoyed it. Otherwise she has little to work upon, and it is clear, on the whole, that the doom of the dramatist is not yet sealed.



THE AUTHOR AND THE LEADING LADY OF "SÉMIRAMIS":
M. PÉLADAN AND MME. SEGOND-WEBER.

M. Péladan's tragedy in three Acts, "Sémiramis," was the piece chosen for the inauguration of the open-air theatre at Champigny.

by the dramatist, and, in consequence, imperfectly appreciated by the world. He may have been a bit of a footballer in his time, perhaps, before he heard the stage a-calling; yet no audience has ever seen him at his best—that is to say, flushed with the glory of having just scored the winning goal. He may in private life be, even at the present day, an enthusiastic collector of butterflies; yet what pit, what gallery, what dress-circle, and what stalls has or have (as the case may be) ever cheered any revelation of his skill or valour in the chase? He may once have been an artist in oils and have attained some success by the pictures that he painted; how often, if ever, does he get a chance of painting a picture upon the stage? Innumerable little intimate and affecting touches, at present doomed to peep coyly from the personal paragraph or the illustrated interview, would leap to the light did managers and actors but write their own plays. The aim and object of the reformer who has an eye to the regeneration of the drama is to get rid of the middleman, or dramatist, who, by objecting peevishly, "This football-match delays the action of my play," or captiously, "I see no way of bringing that picture-painting motive in," comes between the public and the manager who would give the public generously of his inner self, straight from the factory. Oh, it is indeed a terrible thing, this tyranny of the dramatist who will not let the actor live his own life in the free air that blows across the footlights and drives him to the Society columns of the daily and the weekly Press when he wishes to indulge his passion for the Truth.

All these reflections, profound and interesting, owe their origin to the latest effort of Mr. Weedon Grossmith to reform the stage by putting the dramatist in his proper place. With "The Night of the Party" some years ago he succeeded pretty well; but "The Duffer," taken as a play, is not of a quality to make the dramatists so dispensed with tremble very much for their monopoly. However, as a personal paragraph in four Acts it has its points. We learn that Mr. Grossmith, whom we are accustomed to regard as a mere humorist, with a singularly effective sneer, has been an artist, and likes to return to



THE AUTHOR OF "THE PRODIGAL SON" AND HIS DAUGHTER ON THEIR WAY TO DRURY LANE: MR. HALL CAINE AND MISS LILIAN HALL CAINE GOING TO A REHEARSAL.

Miss Lilian Hall Caine is to play the part of Thora Nielsen in her father's play, which is due at Drury Lane on the 7th of next month.

Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.

A CHARACTERISTIC EXAMPLE OF THE WORK OF THE LATE M. BOUGUEREAU.



"LES ORÉADES," EXHIBITED IN THE SALON OF 1902.

Photograph by Braun-Clément and Co.

"THE PRODIGAL SON," AT DRURY LANE.

THE autumn drama at Drury Lane has hitherto stood for all that is realistic and even topical, so closely has it been inspired by contemporary events. Mr. Hall Caine's dramatisation of his own extraordinarily successful novel, "The Prodigal Son," changes all this. This year the Drury Lane drama stands for the romantic, almost the poetic, in life, and that though the story is of the present



THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.—A POSTER.

By courtesy of Mr. Arthur Collins.

hour, in which the sand-blind cynicism of so-called realism fails to discern the rudiments of those wings of emotion which bear men from the earth towards the stars.

Romance will be the key-note of the treatment of the play. This is not merely true of those episodes occurring in Iceland (which is practically an undiscovered country so far as our public goes), but also of the act in the Riviera, that "Heaven-blessed shelf of the Atlantic," as Carlyle called it. In these latter scenes an almost tragic note is attempted, mitigated by spectacular effects, for in the third Act occurs what is likely to be regarded as the largest spectacle in the production—the Fête of Flowers and the Rose Ball at the Casino. It is the custom on certain evenings for these balls to be of a certain colour, and no one is allowed to be present who is not dressed in that colour. Some months ago, Mr. Arthur Collins visited Mr. Hall Caine, who was then staying in the Riviera, and at Nice he attended one of these balls. The Rose Ball is the practical outcome of that experience, and everyone appearing in the scene will be dressed in pink. In this connection, it is worth insisting upon that the Casino is not, as so many people have assumed, the Casino at Monte Carlo. Nowhere, either in the book or in the play, is that Casino mentioned. In the book, the Casino is a clear picture of another place, but Mr. Collins has made his scene an imaginary one.

Mr. Collins's personal experience has been further drawn upon for certain incidents like that of the snowstorm which occurs in the inn farm. In the winter the country and the climate of Iceland, in which the scene is laid, correspond closely with the Engadine. Last winter Mr. Collins went there to see a house which Mr. Hall Caine considered identical with the requirements of certain scenes. On his way thither he was overtaken by a snowstorm, which he will exactly reproduce on the stage.

Two of the scenes show "interiors" in Iceland, reproduced with every detail of local colour. They are full of furniture and ornaments either brought direct from Iceland or imitated from such articles with such exactness that Icelanders who have seen them say they feel as if they had actually stepped into Icelandic houses.

The play opens with the sheep-gathering and closes with the repentant prodigal looking back on his old home, so that the action of the drama lies between the two pictures here reproduced by the courtesy of Mr. Arthur Collins.

The sheep-gathering, although essentially Icelandic, is a custom which still exists in our own country, and is a vigorous survival in Westmorland and Cumberland. Every September the sheep dogs are sent up Helvellyn to bring down the sheep, and by a happy combination of circumstances this will occur just about the time the play is produced at Drury Lane. Mr. Hall Caine has always been so struck with the picturesqueness

of the proceeding that he intended long ago to introduce it into a novel dealing with Cumberland; but he finally decided to use it in what may be called the Mother Country, for the custom undoubtedly came from the far north. There, at the beginning of summer, the unproductive animals and the lambs which have been weaned are sent into the mountains to feed on the grass, without attention, only the milking ewes being kept within reach of the farm to be milked twice a day. In the autumn, when the hay harvest is over, notice is sent round to the farms and is proclaimed from the pulpit by the clergyman of the parish that the "mountain walk," or search of the mountains, is to begin on a specified day. Then, every farmer whose sheep are in the mountains has to send a man, furnished with a week's provisions, with a pair of new shoes, and often with a dog, to join the search-party; the sheriff of the district settling the number of men, the day for starting, and the meeting-place. When the men arrive they elect one of their number, with experience and authority, to be "Mountain King," or leader of the expedition. In "The Prodigal Son" this is the character Magnus, and, when the curtain rises, he is seen returning from the expedition. This king may choose two counsellors, or advisers, to help him in the plan of campaign which he maps out, apportioning certain mountains for each member of the party to search.

At the end of the week the shepherds appear driving the animals they have found. These they take to a large round stone-built pen, the central sheepfold of the district. This is surrounded by several small pens opening into it. Each of them belongs to a different farmer. The farmers examine the sheep in the central enclosure for the marks on the ears and horns which they have previously made; and, whenever a farmer identifies one of his flock he takes it into his pen. When all the sheep have thus been identified the people give themselves up to merry-making, for the sheep-gathering is the great rural festival of the year. The women sit on the rocks gossiping, while the men buy and sell their animals and tell stories. In the evening they all dance on the green, and so the festival is brought to a conclusion.

Some of the most striking portions of the production deal with the representation of the weird scenery of Iceland, with its wild tracks of lava, split into deep ravines, assuming the form of vast ruins, of Gothic arches, of isolated cones and fantastic shapes, the hollows overgrown with mosses and lichens; with snowy glaciers near which low, cone-shaped hillocks pour forth jets of steam, sulphur, and even boiling mud.

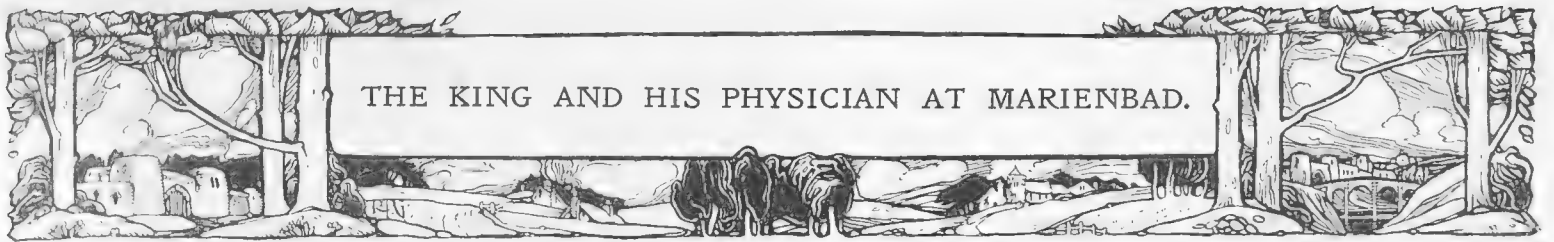
The splendour of all previous Drury Lane dramas will unquestionably be equalled by "The Prodigal Son," which, in spite of a popular belief to the contrary, does not end sadly but as brightly as sunshine. The fate of the play itself, however, does not rest on its production



THE SHEEP-GATHERING.—A POSTER.

By courtesy of Mr. Arthur Collins.

but on its humanity and on the way that it impresses the public, which must—first, last, and always—be the arbiter of fate, the lord of life and death, of every literary and artistic effort presented to it. And that can only be determined when the curtain falls at Drury Lane on Thursday, Sept. 7.



Dr. Ott.

HIS MAJESTY TALKING TO DR. OTT IN THE KURPROMENADE.

During his visits to Marienbad the King follows the "cure" prescribed for him with characteristic thoroughness, placing himself unreservedly in the hands of Dr. Ott. His Majesty's physician at Marienbad was able to inform his illustrious patient on the evening of his arrival that he had never seen him looking better than he is this year—a most satisfactory report.

Photograph by the Berliner Illustrations-Gesellschaft.

MERELY A QUESTION OF APPEARANCE!



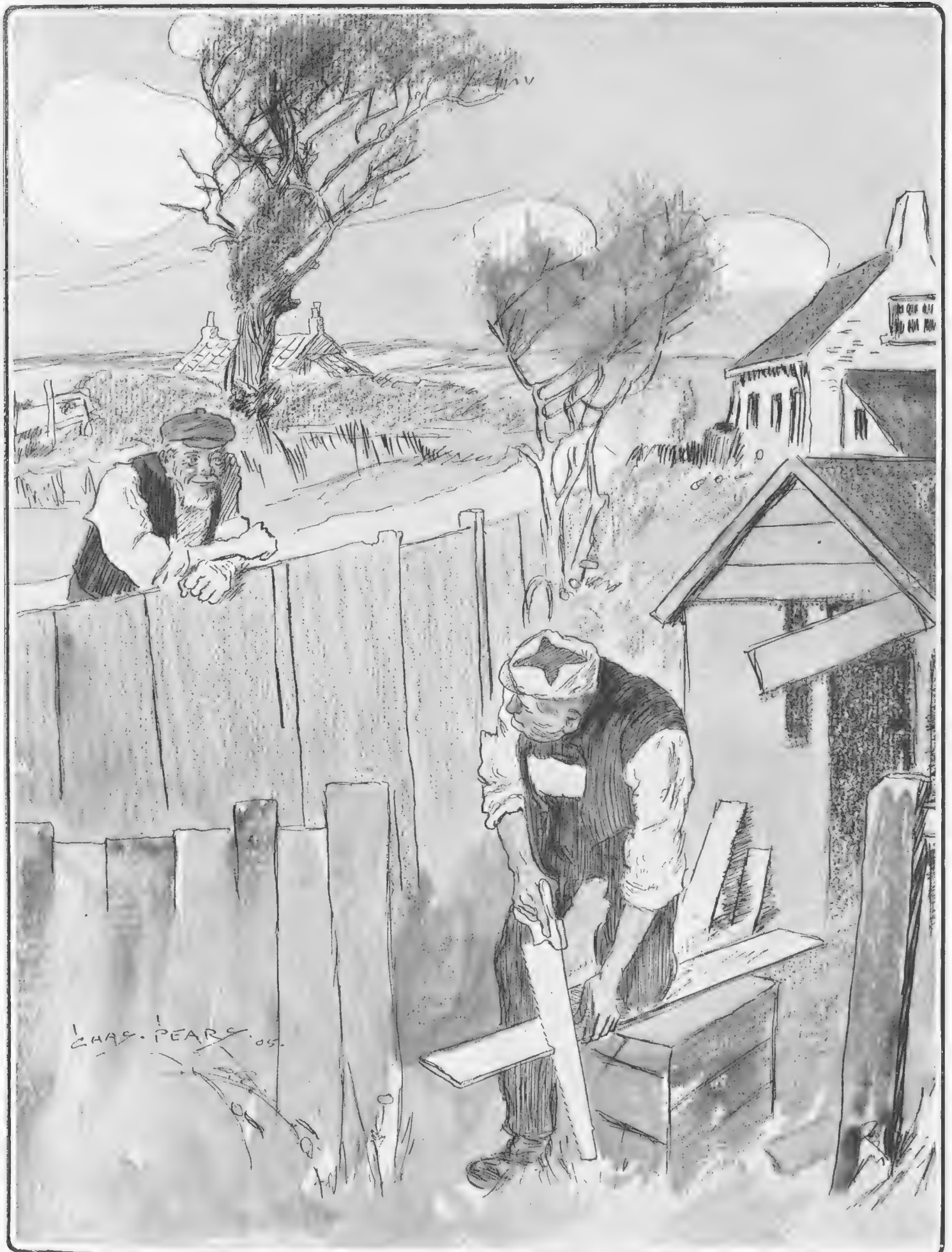
FAIR PASSENGER : What's the matter, Captain ? You look quite worried.

CAPTAIN : Fact is, Madam, our rudder's broken.

FAIR PASSENGER : Oh, never mind that—it's nearly always under water, and no one will notice it's gone.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

IN JOHN BULL'S OTHER ISLAND.



"What are you doin', Pat?"

"Sure, it's a hen-coop for the pigs I'm makin'."

DRAWN BY CHARLES PEARS.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I AM glad to hear that a new and uniform edition of a number of George MacDonald's novels, at 2s. 6d. per volume, is about to be published by Messrs. Newnes, who have acquired the copyright in the volumes issued by Messrs. Sampson, Low, and Co. Unfortunately, the best of George MacDonald's books do not seem to be included. Only four of his many volumes can be placed in the first rank. These are "David Elginbrod," "Alec Forbes," "Robert Falconer," and perhaps "Annals of a Quiet Neighbourhood." "David Elginbrod" was published through the good offices of Mrs. Oliphant, who reviewed it with warm praise. All these books had a great vogue in their time, and some, indeed, have looked upon them as the precursors of the Kailyard school. A well-informed critic is inclined to believe that George MacDonald is the writer who links us to John Galt in his portrayal of some phases of Scottish life and character. This is cautiously expressed; but the gulf between the writers is immense. John Galt had no imagination, and George MacDonald in his best days was full of it. The Kailyard men owe nothing to MacDonald. I know that

"The Lady of the Aroostook." These were delicate, easy, unsophisticated, full of a sense of humanity, of kindly humour, and pleasant cynicism, and showed intimacy with the moods and vicissitudes of character. But Mr. Howells, with the emergence of his passionate Americanism, degenerated into "mere particularity—almost into garrulousness." He would take ever so many chapters in getting his heroine down a street. He dwelt on the uninteresting details; he refused to eliminate the unessential. His theory was that no cultured reader should take an interest in events, but that the soul should be probed and plumbed for its uttermost secrets. Well, there comes a time when the soul refuses to yield up any more of its secrets." This is well put, but it is interesting to see that Mr. Howells has conquered his own nation. He is referred to in the American Press as "beyond question the chief of living American writers." In this country his new books have a comparatively small sale, but in the States they are popular. For my own part, I think that, if Mr. Howells is remembered, he will be remembered neither as a novelist nor as a critic, but as a poet. Many of his



Prince John.

Prince George.

Princess Mary.

Prince Henry.

THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER YOUNGEST SON, PRINCE JOHN, WITH PRINCESS MARY, PRINCE GEORGE, AND PRINCE HENRY.

Photograph by W. E. Sorrell, Crouch End, N.

Mr. Barrie had never read a book of MacDonald's when he published "A Window in Thrums," and I doubt very much whether he has read one since then. MacDonald was always a preacher, even when he was writing his best fiction, and there can be no doubt that he had a great deal to do in breaking down the rigidity of Scottish theology.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett is writing a book in the style of her "Little Lord Fauntleroy." The new volume will be called "The Little Princess," and will be published by Messrs. Warne.

Mr. Harry Quilter's annual, "What's What," came to a speedy end. I think only one volume was published. It had all, and more than all, the defects of a beginning; but there was something in the idea, and with patience a useful annual might have taken root. Now we have the announcement of "Where's Where," which is the descriptive title of a series of guide-books—from the *Review of Reviews* office—of which France is the first volume. It is suggested by "The Bookseller" in the *Glasgow Evening News* that an enterprising publisher should provide a dictionary of dates and call it "When's When." The popularity of "Who's Who" is greater than ever, and the next issue is to be considerably enlarged. It is certainly a most useful book. It has found imitators all over the world, and there will soon be no country that has not its "Who's Who."

Mr. Marriott Watson has been making some penetrating remarks on the work of Mr. W. D. Howells. He speaks of his early volumes, "The Undiscovered Country," "A Foregone Conclusion," and

uncollected verses are very beautiful, and one piece from his volume of poems has been deservedly enshrined in "The Oxford Book of English Verse."

It has been pointed out that the first to prophesy the "Yellow Peril," and even the present war, was Jean Jacques Rousseau, in his little-read "Contrat Social," chap. viii: "L'Empire de Russie vaudra subjugué l'Europe, et sera subjugué lui-même. Les Tartares, ses sujets ou ses voisins, deviendront ses maîtres et les nôtres; cette révolution me paraît infaillible." Voltaire laughed at that passage, and upbraided Rousseau for writing like the author of a popular almanack. Has any other writer of the eighteenth century understood the peril arising for Russia from her Eastern, not from her Western, neighbours?

A unique and interesting periodical, the *Scyth Polar Times*, has been discontinued. It was issued monthly by the officers of the National Antarctic Expedition, on board the *Discovery*, during the long and dreary winters of 1902 and 1903. Its contents are said to range over a wide field, grave and gay, scientific and humorous, prose and poetry, including a diary of events and the proceedings of the debating society. A striking feature is the numerous illustrations, both in colour and in black-and-white. There are five-hundred quarto type-written pages, and, if subscriptions are received, a limited number of reproductions in absolute facsimile will be issued. It will be remembered that the *Illustrated London News* reproduced two pages of this work in its special supplements on the *Discovery's* expedition.—O. O.

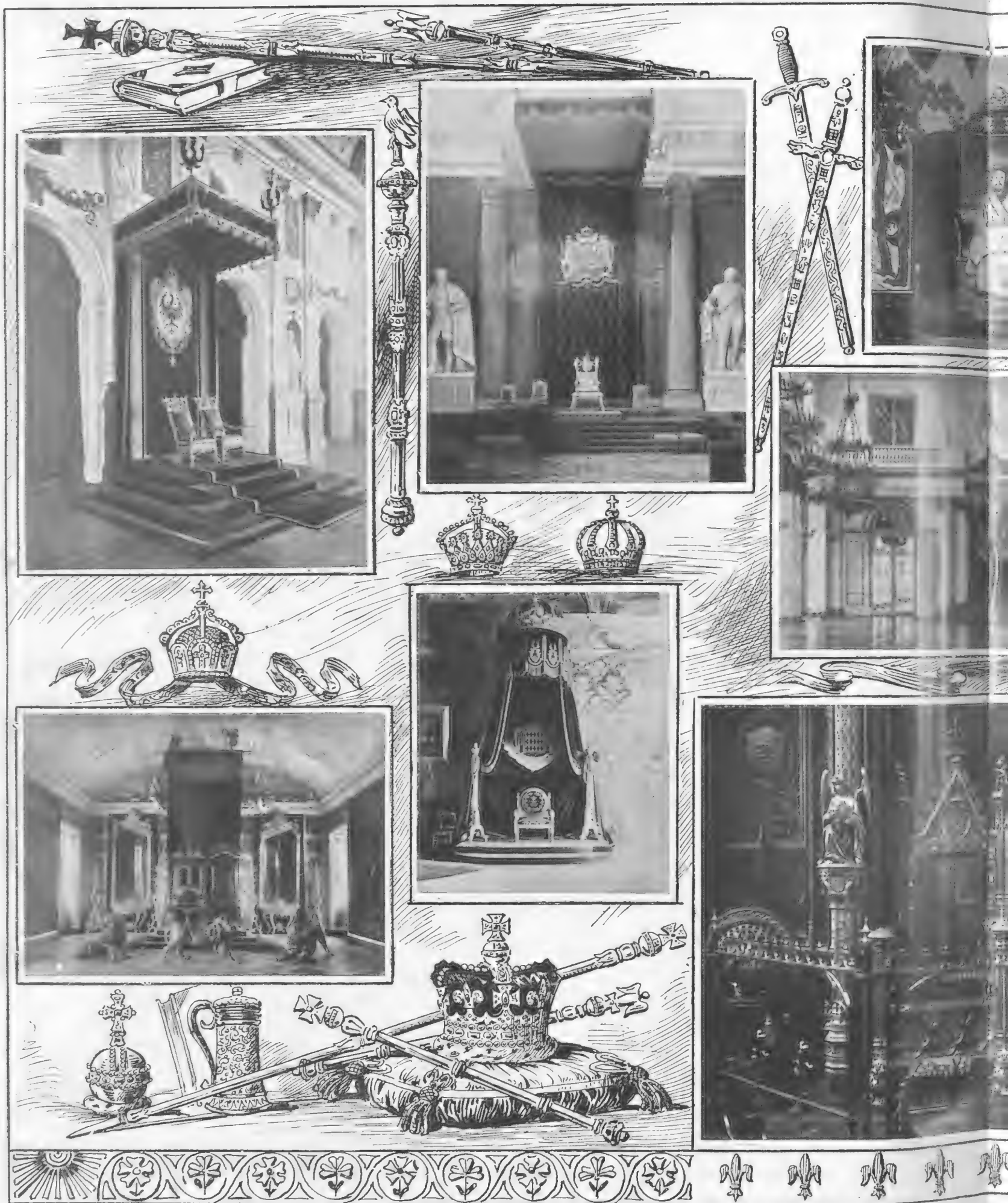
PRINCE JOHN — HIS FIRST PHOTOGRAPH.



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND HER YOUNGEST SON, JOHN CHARLES FRANCIS.

Photograph by W. E. Sorrell, Crouch End, N.

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY: THE THRONES OF



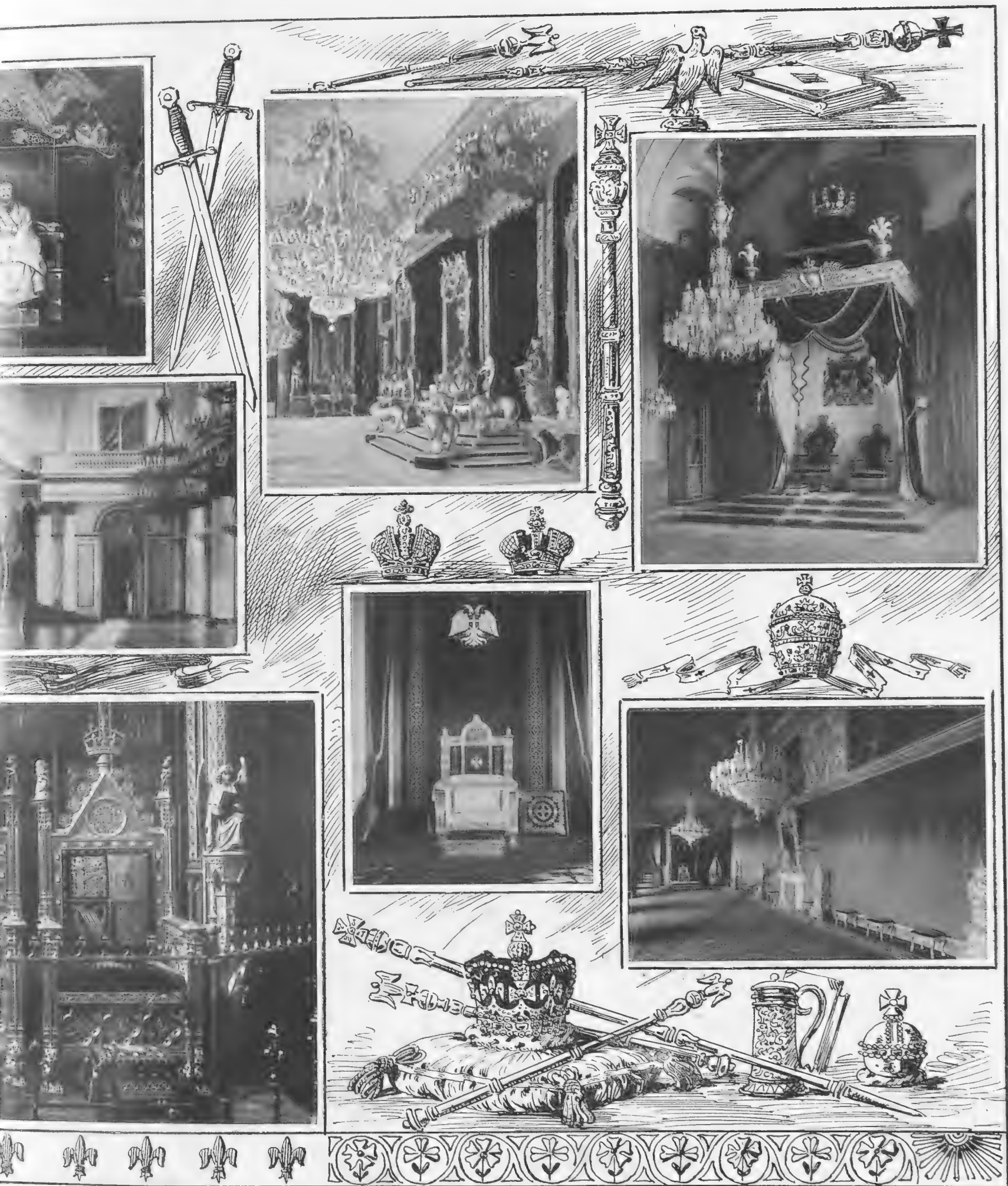
THE PRUSSIAN THRONE.
THE DANISH THRONE.

THE SWEDISH THRONE.
THE THRONE OF MONACO.

THE KOREAN
THE RUSSIAN
THE BRITISH

Photographs by Chusseau-Flavien, Bull

F SOME OF THE RULERS OF THE WORLD.



THE GERMAN THRONE.

THE AUSTRIAN THRONE.

THE RUSSIAN THRONE.

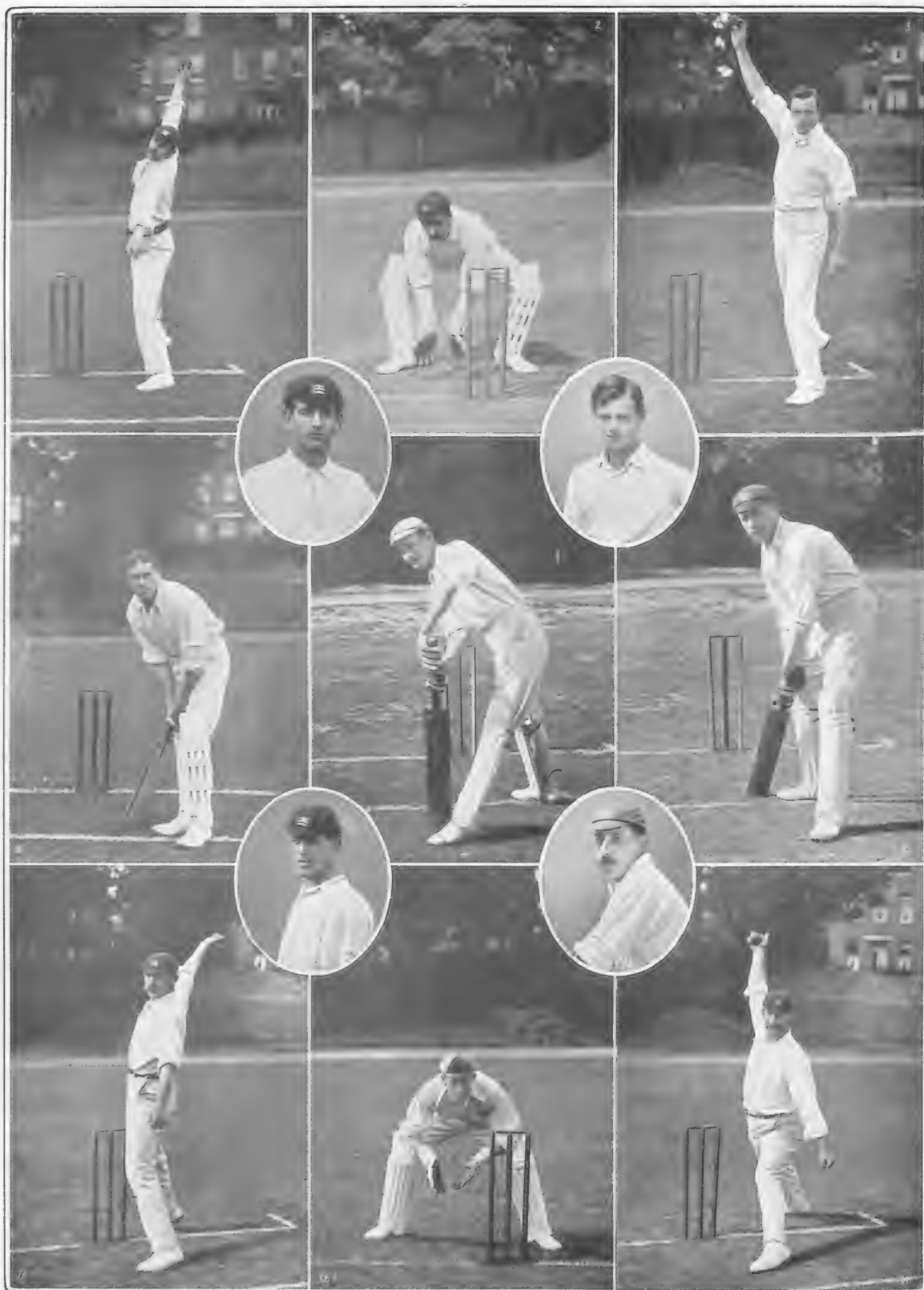
THE SPANISH THRONE.

THE SERBIAN THRONE.

THE DUTCH THRONE.

THE ITALIAN THRONE.

COUNTY CRICKET: THE FIRST-CLASS TEAMS.—XII. MIDDLESEX.



1. G. W. BELDAM. 2. G. MCGREGOR (CAPTAIN). 3. B. J. T. BOSANQUET. 4. TARRANT. 5. C. PALMER. 6. L. J. MOON. 7. P. F. WARNER (CAPTAIN).
8. C. M. WELLS. 9. J. DOUGLAS. 10. R. N. DOUGLAS. 11. J. T. HEARNE. 12. W. G. BIRD. 13. TROTT.

Photographs by Foster.

A CITY ON STILTS: NEW YORK'S MINIATURE VENICE.

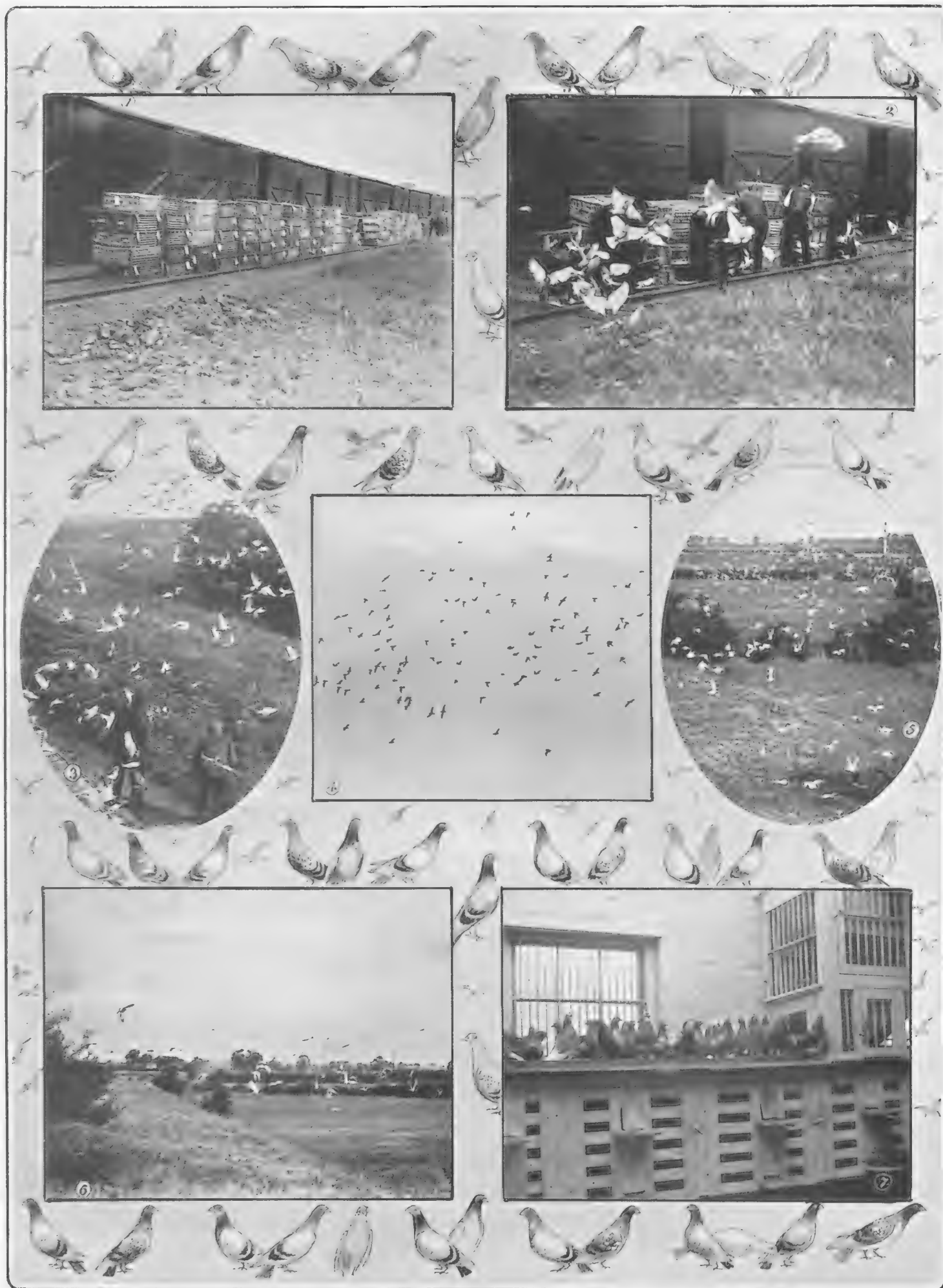


Concerning Ramblersville (here illustrated) and its five sister communities, the "Republic," of America, says: "Within the past few weeks New York City, through its Dock Department, has become the landlord of as queer a lot of tenants as could be found in many a day's search. They live in a miniature Venice . . . on Long Island, well within the city limits. There, over the waters of Jamaica Bay . . . has grown up a cluster of the most curious settlements in the United States. They look like villages on stilts, these queer offspring of the Metropolis, and in fact they are built on piles and trestles. Beneath the floors of the houses . . . the tides ebb and flow. Board-walks or floats take the places of streets and avenues. . . . There are six of these little communities in all. . . . They cling like so many families of barnacles at intervals along the four-mile trestle on which the Rockaway Beach Branch of the Long Island Railroad crosses Jamaica Bay. . . . Altogether these strange villages have a permanent population of about 1,500. . . . The villagers are mostly fishermen and spend much of their time out in the Bay. The bay villages sprang up . . . a little more than ten years ago. . . . The little creeks are the streets; boats or wooden pathways set on piles enable the inhabitants to get from door to door, and the front porches of even the most imposing residences are nothing more or less than floats."

Photographs by G. G. Bain.

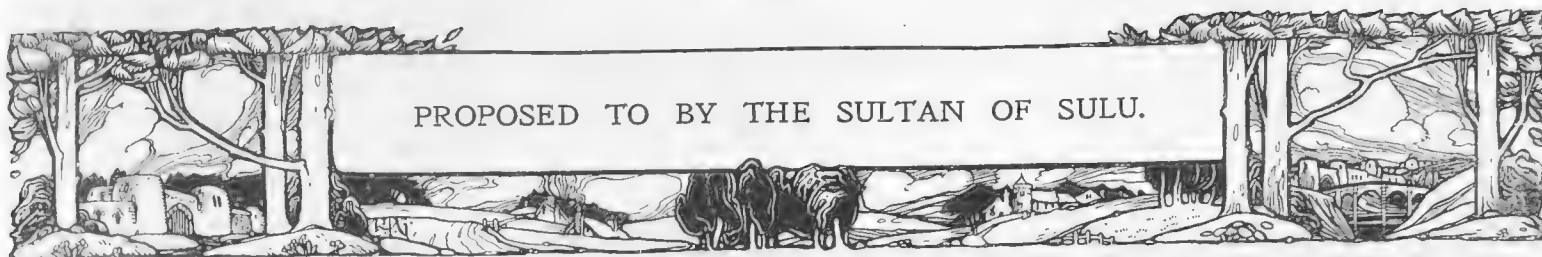
A RACE WITH TWO THOUSAND STARTERS:

PIGEON-FLYING FROM DIDCOT.



1. THE BASKETS CONTAINING THE BIRDS READY TO BE OPENED. 2. UNDOING THE BASKETS. 3. THE TOSS. 4. A FLOCK CIRCLING.
5. THE TOSS. 6. A FEW MOMENTS AFTER THE LIBERATION OF THE BIRDS. 7. HOMERS IN THEIR LOFT.

The race recently started at Didcot under the auspices of the Yorkshire Federation was for young birds, and was part of the training they are given before they are flown for really long distances. For their next trial they will probably be tossed at the South Coast, and eventually they will be freed in France.



MISS ALICE ROOSEVELT, DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.—A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN DURING HER TOUR.

The tour of Mr. Taft, the American Secretary for War, and his party, which includes Miss Alice Roosevelt, has certainly not been without romance. It will be remembered that just before the journey began it was stated that Russia would protest—or had protested—against Miss Roosevelt's visit to Japan, on the ground that the President's daughter was virtually a Princess. Now we learn that while the party was in the Philippines, the Sultan of Sulu made a formal offer of marriage to Miss Roosevelt—an honour that was, of course, gracefully declined. The Sultan is said to have proposed to another American girl a year or so ago.

Stereograph Copyright by Underwood and Underwood, London and New York.

Some Social Pests.

III.—THE PICCADILLY PROWLER.

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



NOT for many a long day has there been so full a theatrical week as the one which is upon us. On Monday the public will be bidden to His Majesty's to see what will to all intents and purposes be the *première* of "Oliver Twist," though it is true that Mr. Tree did produce Mr. Comyns Carr's skilful adaptation on the last night of his season. On Tuesday Mr. Otho Stuart will for the moment suspend his policy of poetical plays in order to present "Dr. Wake's Patient," at the Adelphi. On Wednesday Mr. Frederick Harrison is sure to receive the warmest of congratulations and the best of good wishes at the hands of the audience which will assemble on that night to inaugurate his career as sole lessee and manager of the Haymarket; while Thursday is to be devoted to Mr. Hall Caine's dramatisation of his own novel, "The Prodigal Son." Friday is invariably a *dies non* so far as the theatrical world is concerned, and on Saturday Mr. and Mrs. Kendal will open the St. James's Theatre, in which they must of necessity revive brilliant memories not only of their own short season with "The Elder Miss Blossom" some years ago, but of those past triumphs in which they were associated with Mr. John Hare, before Mr. George Alexander, at one time a young member of their company, ever dreamed of becoming the lessee of that house.

Never, surely, has any previous cast of a Drury Lane play been able to compare with that of "The Prodigal Son," seeing that in addition to Mrs. John Wood and Mr. George Alexander, whose names appear in large type on all the hoardings, the actors include Mr. Frank Cooper, Mr. Austin Melford, Mr. Luigi Lablache, Mr. George Raymond, and Mr. Henry Neville; Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Lily Hall Caine, Miss Florence Wood, and Miss Nancy Price.

The appearance of the name of Mrs. John Wood and her daughter on the same playbill at Drury Lane is not unusual, for Miss Wood has, on occasions, been her mother's understudy, and has appeared in her stead when she has been out of the bill. It is hoped, however, that no such *contre-temps* will occur during the present engagement of one of the most popular actresses of her time. It is an interesting pendant to the recent appearance of Miss Edith Craig and her mother, Miss Ellen Terry, in "Alice Sit-by-the-Fire," for the appearance of a grown-up actress and her mother on the same stage is far more rare than is the appearance of a grown-up son and his father.

The engagement of Mrs. John Wood was the occasion of the revival of an emotion of more than passing interest to the famous author of "The Prodigal Son." Mrs. John Wood—who, great actress though she is, is not mentioned in "Who's Who"—was staying at Birchington, and thither Mr. Hall Caine and Mr. Arthur Collins went to see her. Probably the last time Mr. Hall Caine was at Birchington was when he took Rossetti there to nurse him in the illness which was to prove fatal. Then Birchington consisted of little more than the bungalow to which Rossetti went, while now everybody knows it, and the place is eloquent with his name.

The reappearance of Mr. Weedon Grossmith as author, actor, manager—"three single gentlemen rolled into one"—has been referred to in some quarters as if he were the only living representative of the class of which probably the most prominent example was the late Mr. Wilson Barrett. It is true that Mr. Beerbohm Tree does not write; but was it not stated only a few weeks ago by Mr. Sidney Grundy that Isidore Izard and "Business is Business" amounted practically to a collaboration between Mr. Tree and himself; while though Mr. Arthur Boucher has not of late written any original work, he still practises the graceful art of adapting French plays to his own needs, and is now busy on "Le Duel," if he has not already completed it.

Those people who have assumed—somewhat gratuitously—it must be admitted—that the actor-manager-author product is indigenous to our island, will be surprised to learn that he is by no means unknown on the Continent, and at the present time Berlin is preparing to welcome him in the person of Mr. Adolf Philipp, who is about to produce his own play, "Aber Herr Herzog," at the Deutsch-American Theatre; while at the Kleines Theatre, Herr Frank Wedekind is to make his appearance as author-actor in a five-Act drama called "Hidalla."

For a long time the value of the Princess's Theatre as the possible home of melodrama of the style which used to be associated with the Adelphi has been discussed by would-be managers, who have only been deterred from making the experiment by financial considerations, for the requirements of the London County Council have been so many that the existing house will have to be reconstructed to bring it into line with the essentials deemed necessary for the public safety. This is at last to be done, and the house associated with some of the greatest successes in the history of Mr. Wilson Barrett's career will, it is hoped, be opened by the end of this or early next year.

The decadence of modern melodrama is often talked of, but if the management of the Princess's makes a determined stand for such plays there is very little doubt that they will be forthcoming.

And good melodrama—which means sturdy, vigorous acting without that so-called subtlety or "reserve force" which stands for ineffectiveness, and is often used to conceal a lack of competence—will do much for the rising generation of actors.

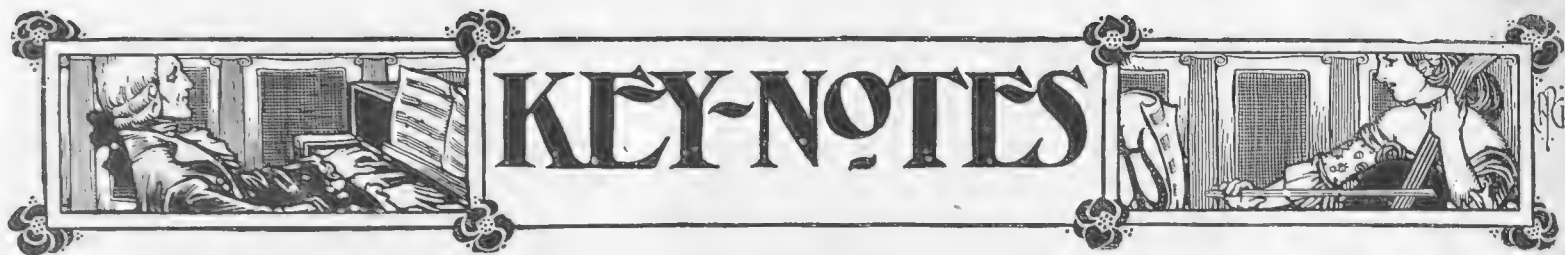
Madame Sarah Bernhardt has always been a fascinating personage in the Green-Room, not only by reason of her great gifts, but, to a certain extent, also because of her unexpectedness. She is at present in South America, whither she started a few weeks ago with the intention of leaving Buenos Ayres at the end of the season and going direct to New York. It has just been found, however, that the accommodation on the boats between the two cities is not sufficient, so in order to reach New York the whole Company will be taken back to France, and from France it will go to the United States. The "jump," as the Americans call the journey between two places, is probably one of the longest on record.



AMERICA'S ANGELA: MISS EDNA MAY IN "THE CATCH OF THE SEASON," THE LEADING PART IN WHICH SHE IS TO PLAY IN NEW YORK.

Miss Edna May was recently in this country rehearsing the part of Angela in "The Catch of the Season." She will be seen in it in America next month.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



THE opening of the Promenade Concerts was signalled by a record attendance of the musicianly people who, obviously, have been trained by the orchestral performances under Mr. Henry Wood's conductorship to enjoy music not in its popular sense, as of old we used to know it, but in the artistic sense which has now become almost a universal word. The Promenade Concerts, in fact, are again before the public for appreciation; they do not, by any suggestion of superiority, attempt to run beyond the taste of the people, even if the tastes of the people have been raised up to a standard which was practically unknown some twelve or thirteen years ago.

England, when all is said and done, has been for two centuries the laughing-stock of the musical world; and this, chiefly, because

the enormous genius of Handel supplanted the school which should have been inaugurated by Henry Purcell. Very gradually, it came about that our nation, which had once been so nobly distinguished in the art of music, became as nothing in the modern development of that art. Nevertheless, a really good interpretation of music has lasted for so long a time that, in these days, by the gospel of Mr. Henry Wood, whatever may be

of really great merit in the musical world, as it comes to us from the Continent, is given on this side of the Channel with a perfection, and with a complete feeling for that which is sensitive in music, in a manner which cannot be surpassed by any other orchestra in this country.

Of these facts it is quite obvious that Mr. Henry Wood is persuaded. He seems to be perfectly aware that it is necessary to compensate on the one side for losses which are made upon the other. For this reason he gives to an English audience very subtle interpretations of great works which Englishmen themselves are unable to create. There is no doubt that the Promenade Concerts will be a very definite and complete success. It should be added that the second part of the programmes, arranged for the present season, should prove an attraction to every musician.

It would be difficult to imagine any success more popular than that which must be recorded concerning the first night of these concerts. The programme was selected with considerable care, inasmuch as it contained works by Tschaikowsky, Wagner, Schubert, Rossini, and Meyerbeer. In some respects such a programme is to be reckoned as almost a popular ideal; the musical themes suggested at every point—whether it might have been in Hérold's famous Overture to "Zampa," or in Liszt's "Hungarian Rhapsody" (No. 2), or in the Overture to "Tannhäuser"—seemed to fulfil the desire of

the public, and indeed the public responded with much applause and with undoubted enthusiasm. The concert opened, after a performance of the National Anthem, with Tschaikowsky's "Capriccio Italien." The work is not by any means equal to Tschaikowsky at his best, despite the opinion of Mr. Percy Pitt and Mr. A. Kalisch, an opinion which is set down in the analytical programme in full. On the whole, however, it is not by any means the fault of the writers of these notes which makes the work disappointing, for Tschaikowsky himself describes the tunes upon which he has built his thought as "beautiful melodies." As a matter of fact, the melodies are not beautiful; nor do they lend themselves to anything save an exposition of Tschaikowsky's own genius as one who thoroughly understood the orchestra, and who also realised the meaning of every separate instrument which goes to make up the modern orchestra.



'LIZA: No, 'e ain't much 'ter look at, but yer should 'ear 'im play the marf-organ!

DRAWN BY CHARLES HARRISON.

place in his own individual and particular temperament. It was only when he created for himself melodies which are simple—to name one instance, the melody which is nothing more than the chime of Big Ben, included in the most famous Symphony that he ever wrote—that he showed himself to be a composer not so much of intricate meaning as of a certain simplicity combined with modern thoughtfulness.

The Promenade Concerts, so far as they have gone at the present moment, seem to have proved that Rossini is a very modern and a very popular composer; all musicians are agreed that his Overture to "William Tell" is particularly individual, in his later musical achievement, and certainly Mr. Henry Wood managed to secure, the other day, an exceptionally brilliant performance of that Overture. The curious folk-element which Rossini introduced into this opera, an element which, it may well be said, was not without its influence upon Richard Wagner, was capitally emphasised by Mr. Wood; and by this achievement he showed that Rossini no less than Beethoven in his "Pastoral Symphony," no less than Wagner in the third act of "Tristan," took Nature at first hand, and embodied the results of his observation in actual and natural intervals. The "fitful intervals" of the cuckoo were used, of course, by Beethoven scarcely to the advantage of art, for indeed realism cannot be supposed to exist in combination with simple and beautiful tunes.

COMMON CHORD.

One of the most interesting points in connection with Tschaikowsky's "Capriccio" is that, at the period at which it was written, he had not by any means found his own artistic level; his was a genius which carefully built itself up out of a foundation which was possibly too extensive for his purpose. The folk-song, therefore, which he so much admired can hardly be described as having a

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE SECOND ENGINEER.

By J. SACKVILLE MARTIN.



The morning was fine, and the sun sparkled on the sea in a thousand dancing points of light. A soft wind blew the clouds above

our heads across to the hills of Crete, which lay to the north on our port beam. I stood on the starboard side of the bridge, and the third officer came and joined me there.

"If all days were like this, Doctor," he said, "the sea'd be a life worth living. One could forget the storms and the food and the flies and the cockroaches and the doctors we get on board, and one could enjoy life. It was just such a morning as this, and just about here, too, that old Hoskins came up to me on the *Lively Mary* some ten years ago. We were taking her out from England for the first time, and it was a good six years before we saw the Old Country again."

"I had a letter from the owners at Gib., George," he said. "We're to take a passenger at Port Said."

"A passenger, sir?"

"Yes; a young woman, George. It seems she's going out to Singapore as a governess. She's a bit short of funds, George; but her people have some influence with our crowd. So I've got instructions to take her from the P. and O. boat at Port Said, and she saves her passage-money for the rest of the way. See?"

"I see, Sir," I says. "I'm a bit sorry for the girl, though. She'll not take kindly to this ship after the P. and O."

"That's all you know, George," says the old man. "I'm going to make this ship a home for that poor girl. I'm going to be a father to her."

"Well, sir," I answered, "it ought to come easy enough. You've had some practice since I've known you. Quite a nice little family you've had."

"He grinned a moment, and then he went on. 'Don't you make no mistake, George; I'm going to protect this young girl. I look upon it as a sacred duty. That's why I'm speaking to you about it now. I know the sort of man you are and how little you're to be trusted when there's a girl about; so I want you to understand that this one is under my protection.'

"Just then the cook came forward to report that the second engineer was ill, and had had to go to his bunk. We didn't carry a doctor on the *Lively Mary*, and Hoskins went off to see what he could do. By-and-by, he sent for me to his cabin, and I found him scratching his head over his medicine-chest.

"The poor chap's pretty bad," he said; "but I'm hanged if I can tell what's the matter with him. Here's cough mixture, but he's got no cough. Here's stomach mixture, but he's got no stomach—for food or anything else. This pink stuff looks nice, but the label's come off it, and I can't tell what it's meant for. Here's salts. They can't do any harm, at any rate. I fancy if I mix up some salts with a drop of brandy and some 'Kennedy's Pain-Killer,' that ought to fix him."

"It did."

"Of course, I can't be sure that it was that that did it, but the poor chap died next day. He was nobody's enemy but his own, and we all missed him. He went over the side under the Union Jack, like many another good man has gone before him; and it's a comfort to think that, wherever he went, he was likely to find it cooler than we did at Port Said when we got there."

"At Port Said, Hoskins went ashore—first, to telegraph to the owners; secondly, to go on board the P. and O. boat and to find the girl who was coming along with us. After about an hour he came

back, bringing her with him, and showed her into the spare cabin he'd had prepared for her."

"Her name was Mary Price. She was a pretty girl, with a nice figure, and black hair that curled about her temples and around her ears. She looked a bit sick when she saw the ship; but when she heard that she was to be the only passenger she brightened up wonderfully. I guess she was a girl who liked a bit of attention, and now she knew she was going to get it."

"I went into the old man's cabin for some orders, and I found him very busy taking down a lot of photographs from the walls and putting them away in a drawer."

"Clearing the decks for action," George, he says. "The only girls I ever loved."

"What about the engineer, sir?" I asked.

"Oh, that's all right," he said. "I've wired the owners and we'll hear something at Suez."

"We went through the canal, and at Suez the old man got his wire. We were instructed to call at Perim Island to pick up a man there to take the place of the one we'd lost. The man's name was Wilson, and he'd only recently been engaged by the firm, and had been at Perim carrying out some repairs to one of the boats that had got piled up there."

"It's a bit rough on the chief-engineer, sir," I said. "He'll have to take the ship through the Red Sea short-handed. I don't envy him."

"Neither do I, George," he said. "I thank my stars I'm on the bridge and not in the engine-room; and that my officers put in an amount of work that wouldn't be seriously missed, even if the whole lot of 'em were to fall overboard at once."

"It was a beautiful sunny morning that saw us steaming down the Gulf of Suez. The water was like a carpet of green grass, and on either side of us rose the hills and promontories of that desolate land. Far or near, there wasn't a spot of vegetation to be seen: only purple hills and patches of violet rock and long yellow stretches of naked sand. Hoskins was on the bridge, and I needn't tell you Miss Price was there too. She was sitting in a long cane-chair, dressed in white, and looking as though she enjoyed the heat. All the time that the old man could spare from conning the ship—and it was a good deal—he put in talking to her."

"George," he said to me that night, after Miss Price had turned in, "it's a sin and a shame to see that girl wasting her life on governessing. She ought to get married to some good honest sea-captain (I expect he was thinking of himself), that would know how to value her and to make life happy for her. I've half made up my mind to ask her myself."

"I wouldn't be hasty if I was you, sir," I said; "you just be a bit cautious, and let the good honest sea-captain have a chance."

"He didn't catch what I was driving at. He just fugged at his beard."

"You think I'm too cautious?" he said.

"It's a thing I've often noticed about you," I answered.

"From your point of view, I daresay you're right," he replied; "but young men are rash. It's only natural. There's the whole voyage before us, and I want to see what she's like in a temper. Always see what they're like in a temper, George. That's a tip I'm giving you free, gratis, and for nothing."

"So all the way down the Red Sea he flirted with that girl, and, to do her justice, she wasn't backward. The afternoon we reached Perim Island, I was on the bridge with the two of them. We slowed down, and ran up a signal."

"What are we waiting for, Captain?" said Miss Price.

"A new second engineer," said Hoskins.

"We watched a small boat come out from the harbour and put off towards us. As it got nearer we could make out the figure of the new engineer. Miss Price suddenly recollected that she'd forgotten her handkerchief, and would have to go below for it. She left Hoskins and me on the bridge waiting for the new arrival."

"He was an undersized, hatchet-faced man, dressed in a dirty suit of white drill. He came up the gangway and touched his hat to the old man.

"Come on board, sir," he said.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Wilson," said the skipper. "The sooner you're ready to take your trick of duty, the better the chief will be pleased."

"Wilson never said another word, but turned and went off to his quarters.

"The next time I saw him he had just come off his watch. I never saw such a sight on a steamer in all my days. He wore a dirty blue shirt, open at the neck to show his chest, and a pair of blue trousers, turned up above his knees. He had bare legs ending in a pair of dirty grey socks that fell down slackly over an old pair of tennis-shoes. In his mouth he held a piece of cotton-waste he'd been cleaning the engines with, and he seemed to be sucking at the oil with which it was soaked. He hadn't shaved, and his face was like a cheap brush.

"I went forward to Hoskins.

"We've got a rum sort of ash-cat on board, sir," I said. "I've seen some funny sights in my time, but never one to touch him," and I gave him a short description.

"His mouth opened and then it shut sharply.

"I guess I'll go and talk to him like a parent," he said. "That sort of thing can't be allowed—with a lady on board."

"When he got to Wilson's cabin he called him out, and the chap came on deck chewing away at his oiled rag. Hoskins very nearly bust.

"Mr. Wilson," he said sharply, "what sort of rig-out do you call this for an officer of a ship?"

"Wilson looked down at himself and then up again. Then he took the rag out of his mouth.

"What's up with it?" he said.

"What's up with it?" yells Hoskins. "Oh, nothing—nothing. It's all right in its right place—in the middle of a turnip-field on a pole."

"If you find that I don't do my duty on this ship, sir," says Wilson, "you can tell me about it. For the rest, I was specially told that there were no regulations as to uniform. So I'll trouble you not to make rude remarks about my wardrobe."

"His—his—what?" yells old Hoskins to me. "His—oh, my precious eyes!—his wardrobe! There's a wardrobe for a lady to see!"

He stopped suddenly, as Mary Price came round the engine-room sky-light. She was pretty and fresh in her white dress, but I don't think she expected to see either Captain Hoskins or the engineer. For a moment the three of them looked at each other, and then Wilson spoke.

"Why, Mary!" he said.

"She coloured, but didn't look particularly pleased.

"Mr. Wilson—Tom," she said.

"Funny your coming out on this ship," he said.

"And you being on it too," she answered.

"Well," he said, "now that you are here, aren't you going to give me a kiss?"

"She coloured more deeply. I rather fancy she was a bit ashamed of his appearance. As for him, he didn't seem to consider it. He didn't seem to know that there was anything out of the way about it.

"I don't think I ought to," she said shyly, with a glance at Hoskins, "before the captain, I mean."

"Quite right," said Hoskins, firmly. "I don't allow my officers to kiss girls in my presence. Some of 'em wouldn't know where to stop."

"I'm off duty," said Wilson, "and this is the girl I'm engaged to. I haven't seen her for a month, and now I'm going to have a kiss. If you don't like it, Captain, you'd better turn your back. I don't want to hurt your feelings."

"You infernal ash-cat!" yelled Hoskins. "Go to your quarters at once. And, Miss Price, I must request you to go to the cabin."

"Now then, Mary," said the engineer; "I'm waiting."

"She hesitated a minute, and then made a little sort of pecking kiss at him. Then she ran forward, and Wilson, as if satisfied, turned and went into his cabin.

"George," said Hoskins to me, "there's something wrong here. 'Taint in nature for a girl like that to marry a man that looks as though he was a rag-bag struck by lightning. Mark my words, George, that poor girl's been forced into this engagement by her cruel parents. But I won't stand by and see her sacrificed."

"After that he took extra care of her. She spent more time than ever on the bridge, and when she wasn't up there he was down on the lower deck with her. It was exactly as he suspected—at least, she told him so. The engagement had been of her parents' making, and she had come to sea, not to escape—she really was very fond of Mr. Wilson—but to find out whether her feelings would stand the test of time and absence.

"From the *beloved object*, George," said the old man, with a grin. "What do you think?"

"Well, sir," I said, "if I'd seen anything like that chap Wilson once, it'd take me a long time to forget it."

"All the time those two were flirting that engineer never said a word. He went down to the engine-room and he came up to his cabin, and he scarcely ever showed up on deck. When he did he never seemed to care the toss of a button where that girl was. To my mind, he showed his sense. If he'd given any sign of jealousy that girl would have gone on a lot worse than she did. As it was, she began to be uneasy—to feel that he didn't care; and now and again, I'd find her coming around his quarters to get a word with him; but he hardly ever spoke to her.

"Not until we reached Singapore did he have it out with her. She and Hoskins were on the bridge, and the old man was pointing out the beauties of the harbour when Wilson came up the companion and touched his hat. For once in his life he had a clean, white drill suit on.

"What do you want?" said the old man.

"Shore leave, sir," said the engineer; "I want to go on shore to get married."

"Mary gave a start, and I saw her face flush. Hoskins was puzzled. He got the idea from the chap's manner that there was someone else on shore, and that he was doing this to punish the girl for the way she'd treated him on the voyage.

"It'd be hard to keep you from that," he said; "you may go."

"Wilson touched his cap again. 'Now then, Mary,' he said, 'come along.'

"I won't said the girl, indignantly. 'The idea!'

"Very well," said Wilson, "but just listen to me for a minute, my girl. I'm here now, and I'm willing to take you on shore and marry you before the consul. If you don't like it, then I shall consider myself free again. If you think I haven't noticed your behaviour on this ship, you're mistaken. A girl like you wants looking after, and when I'm your husband, I'm going to do it. As for the captain there, if you think he has any idea of marrying you you're wrong. He's not a marrying man. I shall be ready to go on shore in quarter of an hour. If you're ready to go with me then, well and good. If not—"

"He nodded significantly and left the bridge.

"Mary Price had taken a look at Hoskins whilst the other was speaking, and that told her all she wanted to know about the sincerity of the old man's matrimonial intentions. So quarter of an hour afterwards, as that engineer was going down the gangway, she slipped her arm into his and went with him.

"Hoskins looked after them rather enviously.

"Wonderful, George, wonderful!" he said to me. "If I could be as firm with women as that chap is, I'd have had a lot less trouble with them. He's taught me a lesson, George. He shall have a wedding present."

"And he sent him a suit of clothes."



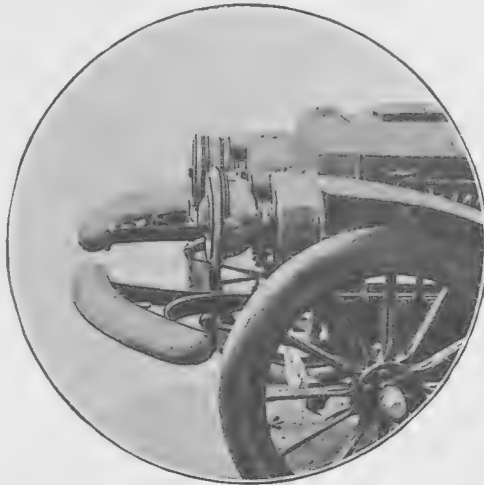


THE CARRIAGE OF SPARE TYRE-COVERS—THE CERTIFICATION OF MECHANIC-DRIVERS—THE MOTORIST IN FRANCE—MOTOR TRAFFIC AND COUNTRY ROADS.

S PARE tyre-covers are somewhat cumbrous things to dispose of on an uncovered car, and, unless special fittings are provided, call for some thought. A canopied or roofed enclosed car, of course, settles all the difficulties of the transport of such impedimenta even when the long, broad foot-boards now common to side-entrance cars do not exist. With an open car the spare covers, which *must* be carried when touring, are best placed in irons specially fitted to the off-side of the driving-seat opening, although with the spare tyre in that position it is, of course, impossible to alight from the car from the front seat on that side. As two covers should be taken and not less than four spare inner tubes, these necessities require considerable space, and are altogether too bulky for the rear portion of the carriage. Nor can they be placed conveniently at the rear of the vehicle, for there they necessitate ugly fittings, and are frequently in the way of the tool-boot. Therefore, the off-side of the driver's seat is the only resource; but if placed there, the tyres must be carefully protected from the rain and light, dust, wet, and mud. Several descriptions of wrappings or covers are sold for the purpose, the best, to my mind, being a circular form of split casing in waterproofed brown canvas, made with a deep fly-flap on the inside, and easily cross-laced all round by means of a double lace and hook tags. This description of tyre-cover or wrapping is a specialty of Dunhill's, and is greatly superior to the wide band of material placed round the cover and drawn tightly towards the centre by cords on each side, like the cover of a drum. Wet, mud, and dust enter such a cover in any quantity.

The Automobile Club of Great Britain and Ireland, for all its sonorous title, appears to be succumbing to the Motor Union on all sides where useful work is concerned. Time was when the Club concerned itself with the supervision and certification of mechanic-drivers, but this office is to be withdrawn from it by the Motor Union, which proposes to prepare a list of schools, firms, and institutions which undertake the training of mechanic-drivers. It is high time that something of this kind should be done, if those who desire instruction, and also those who wish to employ the properly and fully instructed, are not to be cozened and cheated out of both time and money. Some of the so-called schools of motoring which have advertised not only to instruct but to obtain thereafter good engagements for their pupils have been and are nothing but rank swindles, and deserve exposure. They take five or ten pounds from young fellows who are anxious to become motor-drivers, and pretend to give them instruction both in driving and in the care of a motor on some out-of-date, rattle-trap old car by taking them out two or three times in batches of five or six, and keeping them hanging about afterwards awaiting further drives or the promised dismounting of an engine or gear until their patience is exhausted. Then, in

order to get rid of them, they are furnished by these precious schools with an elaborate certificate, in which they are described as competent driver-mechanics. If the proposed action of the Motor Union will sweep away these birds of prey, then a good work will be performed, and that which Rees Jeffreys sets his hand to do he generally does with all his might.



TO PREVENT DAMAGE TO MOTORS BY COLLISION: A PNEUMATIC SAFETY BUFFER FOR AUTOMOBILES.

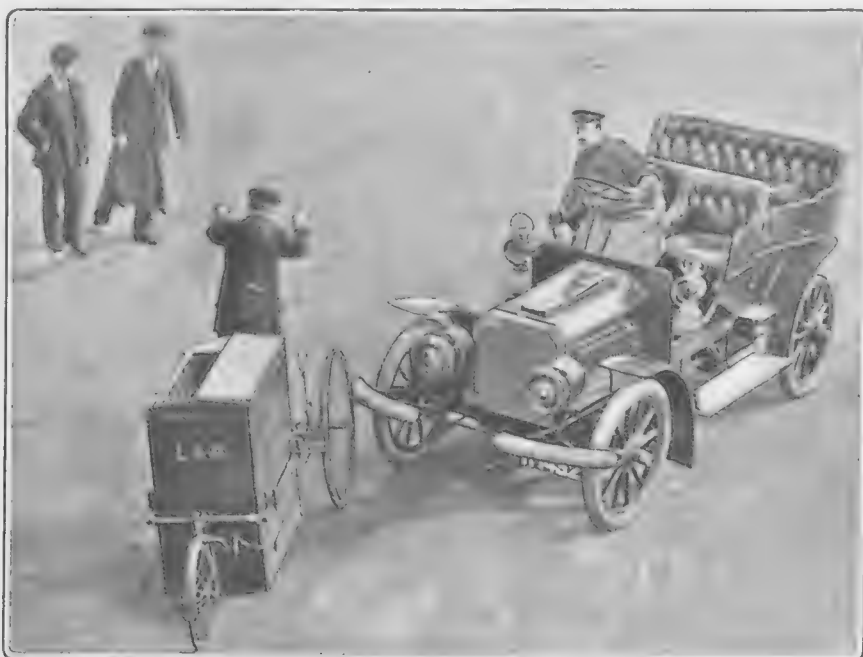
The buffer, which has been introduced by the Simms Motor Manufacturing Company, consists of two short rim segments attached either to the front or side members of the chassis. To each rim is fixed a short length of pneumatic cushion, fully inflated.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

wilful animal. An open-arm welcome is extended to motorists by the hotel proprietors, and no garage charges are made when the hotel possesses car-accommodation.

In some quarters, capital is being made of the assertion that motor traffic—I refer to light motor traffic—is very detrimental to the surface of country roads. Although giving the matter close attention, I have

never been able to perceive that this was the case, but I am certainly bound to admit that heavy motor traffic does damage the poorly made highways in many parts of the country. But with regard to light motor traffic, comprising vehicles up to, say, 30 cwt., gross weight, it is interesting to note the remarks of Mr. B. S. Newcombe, the Surveyor of Warrington, who says: "I have gone very deeply into the motor-car question, from all points of view, and I am becoming strongly of the opinion every day that they do not do anything like the damage attributed to them. There is no doubt they do raise the chippings and bindings in dry weather, but in ordinary weather they do absolutely no damage, and cause no wear." Mr. Newcombe asks: "Is not a car (probably owned by someone paying big rates and big income-tax) entitled to an amount of wear equal to an iron-tired vehicle?" Mr. Newcombe's further remarks, which I have not space to quote, are extremely



TO PREVENT DAMAGE TO MOTORS BY COLLISION: A CAR EQUIPPED WITH THE NEW SAFETY-BUFFER STRIKING A CARRIER-TRICYCLE.

It is sought to minimise the damage sustained by automobiles in collision by providing them with the safety-buffer here shown. The curved nature of the buffer tends to change the impact from a straight to a glancing blow. The device has already been tested on a 20-h.p. car.

By courtesy of "The Scientific American."

valuable and interesting in this connection, and it is to be hoped that the Motor Union will see to it that he is down to give evidence on this subject before the forthcoming Motor Commission.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

ST. LEGER—FUTURES—JOCKEYS—THE GALLERY—AUTOGRAPHY.

I NEVER knew so little interest taken in the St. Leger. The fact of the matter is the doubting Thomases do not think Val d'Or will run; they incline rather to the opinion that Jardy will represent M. Blanc at Doncaster. From what I saw of Val d'Or in the Eclipse Stakes, I should say that he would be just the colt for the Town Moor course, although I am going to stick to the opinion



THE MOST RECENT ATTEMPT TO CONQUER THE AIR: THE "SANTOS-DUMONT NO. 14" IN FLIGHT AT TROUVILLE.

Photograph by Rol.

before expressed that he is very likely to find the distance a bit too far for him. Cicero has been doing well of late, and I am inclined to wipe his Sandown Park form off the map, as I am certain the uphill finish was not at all suited to his fine burst of speed. I shall indeed be disappointed if he does not do much better at Doncaster, and I feel convinced that he will turn the tables on Val d'Or. I cannot make Llangibby out. He may be the best of his year, but up to now he has done nothing in public to prove this. At the same time, he must have come out with flying colours in a private gallop, as the stable, I am told, think him to be quite the equal of Cicero. I shall, however, plump for Cicero, and I think Cherry Lass will follow him home, as the Oaks time was faster than that for the Derby.

The Great Ebor Handicap is not likely to set the Thames on fire, yet the winner may take some finding. I think the race will be won by Golden Measure, who has Pitch Battle to face. The last-named ran fairly well at Lewes. Already several horses have been backed on the Continental Lists for the Cesarewitch and the Cambridgeshire. For the longer race War Wolf, Wargrave, and Long Tom are fancied. War Wolf, who belongs to Lawyer Sullivan, who trains his own horses, has acted well over the course, and he is just the horse for the distance. The same may be said of Wargrave, who won last year. He looked a bit above himself at Goodwood, and he is one that is likely to thrive on hard work, so long as the going is not too hard. The stable is also responsible for Sandboy, an exceptional horse, by-the-bye, at any distance over two miles. Long Tom has never looked back since he won the Great Metropolitan Stakes, and each time I see him I regret that I stopped bidding at 100 guineas when he was sold by auction at Kempton. The Cambridgeshire is bound to be a big betting race. I am told that it is all over bar shouting for Golden Saint. I think, however, we will defer the shouting for a while. Another possibility is Dean Swift, who has been going to do something all the year. This horse, according to the stable estimate, ought to win a good mile race presently.

I should very much like to know why the professional backers, or some of them, always hang about the paddock until after the jockeys have mounted. Is it that they are able to get at the riding orders by signs, or is it that they themselves have orders to give? I have heard of money being made by professional punters over horses that were not expected to win by their owners. In this particular I heard a very good story the other day. A certain rider some few years ago rode a horse twice for a bookmaker-owner, who told the jockey the animal could not win. The jockey received orders for a third ride, and he was told not to bustle his mount, as it had no chance. He

thought differently, and advised all his friends away to put their maximum on. They did, and the horse won in a canter, to the chagrin of its owner, who had backed something else in the race. I am told, but I cannot vouch for it, that the jockey who wins when he is not expected to fares worse than the horseman who fails to win when he is expected.

A well-known racecourse official who has thousands of pounds invested in racecourse shares told me the other day that it was impossible to run a meeting successfully unless the cheap rings were filled. As he remarked, the Club members' subscriptions are very valuable as a certain source of income; but the worst of it is you cannot compel the members to attend the meetings in season and out. The consequence is that at times the bookmakers, who are charged a pound a day for admission, find themselves without clients. I am told that the Newbury Meeting is to be run on somewhat exclusive lines—that is to say, it will cater more for the classes than the masses. This is a big mistake, as the filled cheap ring is the envy of the majority of the Clerks of the Course. Indeed, the times tend towards cheaper railway fares and lower ring fees. At many meetings where the ten-shilling rings used to be crowded, they are now nearly deserted, while the half-crown enclosures are always packed. It must not be forgotten that the business done in the cheap rings is all ready money, and the bookies never make bad debts, while the backers should not, though they do at times, owing to the number of "welshers" that infest some of the country meetings.

Several of the fashionable jockeys are pestered by autograph-hunters. One of our leading riders told me a day or two since that he received on an average twenty letters per week asking for his signature. The ladies generally send the jockey's photograph, and ask him to sign his name at the foot of the picture. This reminds me of the story I told in *The Sketch* many years back of the father of a stable lad who appealed to me to get his son a situation. The parent said he was a good boy, and enlarged on the fact that he could neither read nor write. The boy was related to a jockey who accumulated thousands, and purchased more than one estate. But I have another story to tell which is still more appropriate. Many years ago, I printed in an evening paper a collection of autographs which I obtained from owners, trainers, jockeys, bookmakers, and racing officials. In gathering my collection I wrote to a well-known jockey who left thousands

when he died a year or two afterwards. Judge of my surprise when I received a letter from the jockey's sister to the effect that he would be pleased to have his autograph printed. I learned afterwards, to my horror, that the jockey in question could not write, and deputed his sister to carry on all his correspondence!

CAPTAIN COE.



THE BIG WHEEL IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA: RIVALLING EARL'S COURT AT A NATIVE FÊTE AT TANGA.

Photograph supplied by W. E. Ward.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

THAT this is an age of youthful mammas and girlish grandmothers has long been conceded; but to realise how art subverts nature and laughs at age one must travel abroad and make a note of how Maman and Marie observe the same rule in conquests, coquetties, and even corsets, and how interchangeable the outlook of nineteen and thirty-nine can become with practice. This is the



A DEAUVILLE RACE-GOWN.

era of postponed old age, just as the Early Victorian was that which assumed it. Then when girls married they laid aside youthfulness and took themselves seriously, wore caps indoors and bonnets without, were ostentatious in the use of key-baskets, and applied their busy fingers and placid minds to the sewing of buttons and the darning of socks. Now the chief business of the matrons—a word that has lost its dictionary meaning—is to put off being old to the last possible moment; and so many helps are available in that desired direction that ordinarily it becomes a matter of some difficulty to differentiate between one generation of lovely woman and another. The beauty-doctor has had something to do with this, and the dressmaker certainly not less. Women who have the gift of being always well groomed can set Father Time at defiance quite ten years longer than their less well-informed sisters; indeed, as somebody said somewhere, the feminine gender may be divided into two widely differing species—those who know how to dress and those who only carry about clothes. How much more appreciated and what an incomparably better time the well-detailed dame is given than her less carefully equipped sister need not be insisted on here.

Talking of minutiae of the toilette and such matters of moment, it may be added that the judicious selection of well-chosen jewellery adds the last note of elegance to a toilette that, however magnificent, would be incomplete without it. The Parisian Diamond Company have done so much to revolutionise the heavy and hideous jewellery of a former generation and to popularise well-designed and daintily set gems that a word of recognition is always due to their artistic efforts.

It was the Parisian Diamond Company that practically introduced the now universal mode of wearing strings and ropes and collars of pearls. So true in colour, quality, and appearance generally are these wonderful pearls, that their becomingness was very quickly apparent, and woman thankfully adopted another aid to beauty. The same is to be said for the reviving vogue of earrings, of which the Parisian Diamond Company have so many beautiful examples. One pair of these jewels, showing a ruby set between tiny diamonds of equal size, is remarkable for the colour and lustre of the stones; another of pear-shaped pearls set in diamond acorn-cups reproduces one of the oldest existing designs, and perhaps the most graceful. A corsage spray of diamonds in leaves is a masterpiece of gem-setting, and some Louis Seize pendants are also objects to possess with pride. The Parisian Diamond Company, in fact, stands unapproachably alone in the production and design of its specialties.

Finding several smart Frenchwomen redolent of a particularly delicious perfume lately, I applied myself to learning the whence and where of this seductive yet delicate scent, and discover that it is known as "Camia," and that everybody who is anybody in Paris patronises its headquarters at 1, Faubourg St. Honoré. It is well known also that this perfume in a thousand can be had in London from the English dépôt, at 18, Bartlett's Buildings, Holborn Circus. "Camia" costs eight shillings a bottle, but is so highly concentrated that one drop makes a room or wardrobe fragrant. Without being what we understand as a "strong" scent it is of most penetrating quality. The "Camia" soap and toilet powder are worthy of their name, and singularly delightful in use.

So many people are wandering over the face of the earth at this time of holiday-making, away from what we are wont to describe feelingly as "home comforts," that it will be useful to remember, in case of temporary indisposition or otherwise, the many virtues of Get Frères' "Pippermint Liqueur." Change of air or food, or water-drinking of unaccustomed quality, sometimes cause a "migraine" to the temporarily afflicted tourist, which a glass of the "Pippermint



A SMART COSTUME FOR A GARDEN-PARTY.

Liqueur" of Get Frères would speedily dissipate if obtainable. In France it is, of course, easily bought anywhere, and in London M. B. Lauriez, of 6, Fenchurch Buildings, is the sole agent of this delectable fluid, which can be taken after meals at all times with great advantage to the hidden forces of mere mortality.

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT.

HOMBURG.—Paris has not declared herself yet in the matter of autumn millinery, but a few advance models sent to Trouville are quite small, tip-tilted shapes in various pale-coloured silk beaver, much trimmed with ostrich feathers, long and short. The newest feathers are very long, with round, bushy ends, and fall over the brim behind just like the now universal veil. Dress-linings and petticoats are all stiffened with steel or cord, and the great thing in Paris is to be "bien juponée," so that the dress-skirt, whether long or short, stands well out all round.

SYBIL.

A reader points out that the Royal Toxophilite Society is older than the Woodmen of Arden. The first was founded in 1781, the second in 1785.

We are asked to state that Magna Charta Island no longer belongs to Mrs. Clifford, the present owner of the estate being Mr. G. E. Harcourt and the tenant the Hon. Mrs. Vignoles; and also that Shiplake Court belongs to Mr. Robert H. C. Harrison.

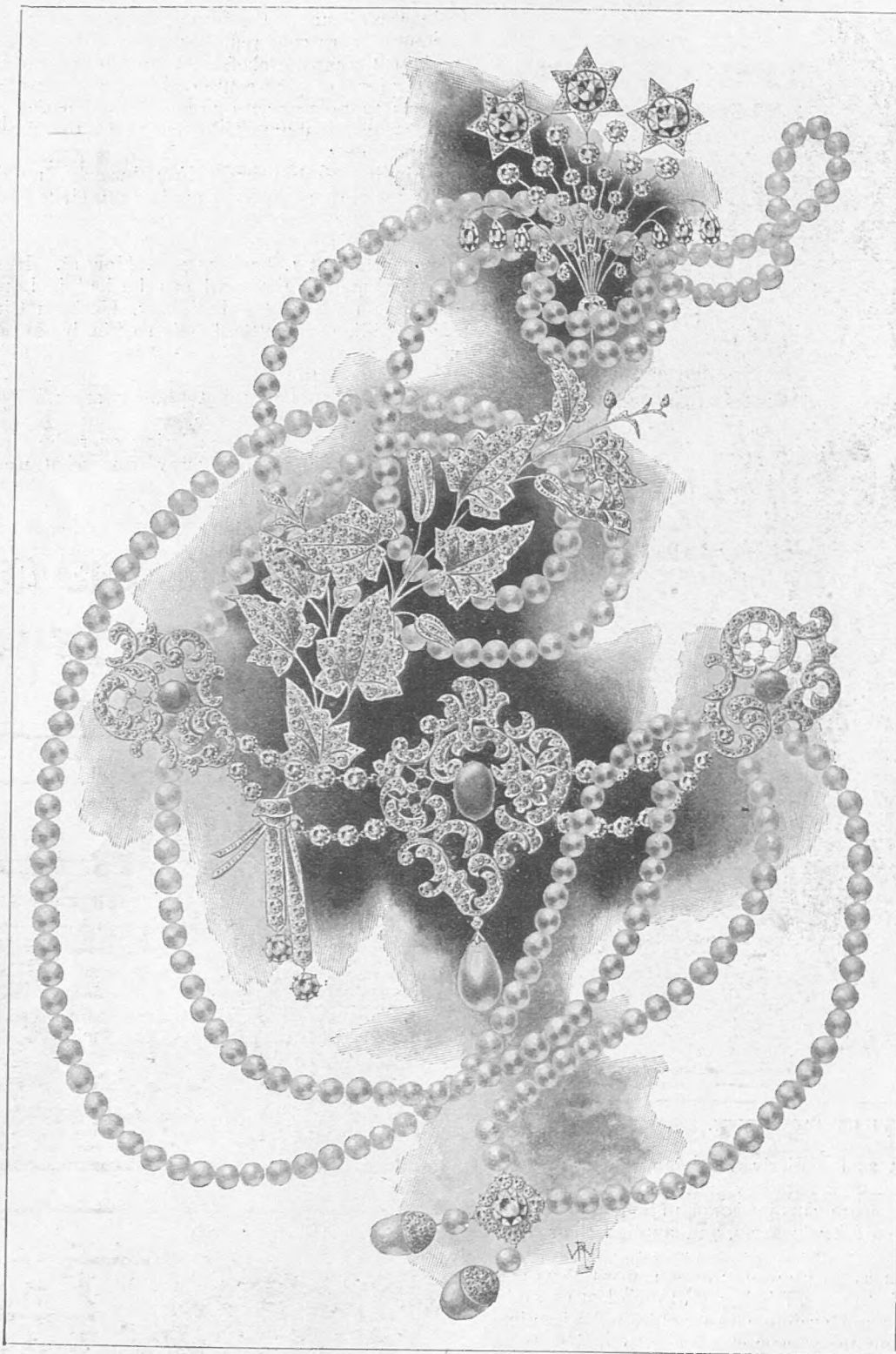
Five millionaires who are estimated to be "good" between them for a trifle of £50,000,000 sterling have recently been staying in London. Messrs. Rockefeller, Westinghouse, Jay Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and Harry Payne Whitney are the Croesi in question, and they lived at a famous caravanserai with striking simplicity. Only Mr. Rockefeller brought a motor-car, and both the millionaires and their wives dressed in the plainest style and did hardly any entertaining. They must have enjoyed the rest.

A section of the Canadian Press professes to be amazed at Lord Minto's appointment to be Viceroy of India. In plain English, it does not consider him to be big enough for the boots. One paper declares that he was not a bit too big for the Governor-Generalship of Canada, "an office of purely nominal functions that any intelligent schoolboy could fill." What a row there would be, by the way, if any Government sent to Canada the intelligent-schoolboy type of man! These extravagances must not be taken too seriously. Lord Minto is undoubtedly a man of real ability, added to his native Scottish shrewdness, and though, no doubt, Canadian Liberals wanted to see Lord Aberdeen succeed Lord Curzon, it would be rather too much to expect Mr. Balfour to bestow so important an office on a political opponent. Lord Minto's brother, Mr. Arthur Elliot, who is the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, is one of the ablest men in the House of Commons, and it would be extraordinary if the head of the house showed any failure of administrative power.

Every innovation in the theatrical world invariably calls forth a protest. Mr. Forbes-Robertson's decision to allow the pit and gallery of the Scala Theatre to be booked in just the same way as the stalls, dress-circle, and other parts of the house might, therefore, have been expected to arouse some objection, if not indignation, on the part of a certain section of the public. This, however, is just what has not occurred. Already there have been a great number of applications for seats for these parts of the house, and, if there are any people who object to the course, they have, so far, elected not to make themselves heard. The system of booking all over the house is one which, it is well known, is in vogue at the Coliseum, but the Coliseum is not a theatre pure and simple. The working of Mr. Forbes-Robertson's revival

of the course which Sir Henry Irving tried at the Lyceum, but had to discontinue, cannot fail to be regarded with considerable interest both by the other managers and by the playgoing public, for it may inaugurate a new era of things which will make for the increased comfort of the majority. Meantime, rehearsals are being held every day of the new play, which it has been decided will be called "The Conqueror," a title, by the way, which closely resembles Mr. Paul Potter's play, "The Conquerors," produced a few years ago at the St. James's.

The latest invention is a motor-boot, but, strange to say, the novelty does not come from America. The inventor is a Swiss who lives at Bâle, and he has just patented a very small and light motor which is shaped like a skate and is fastened under the boot. Armed with this mechanism, a man can, it is claimed, walk four yards a second, or about eight miles an hour. This only doubles the rate at which the ordinary active man is capable of walking, so that not very much is gained by the invention, more especially as, however light the motor may be, the fatigue of dragging it about on one's foot must be considerable and must detract from the problematical advantage of using the machine.



ARTISTIC JEWELLERY AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

The Great Central Railway Company's arrangements in connection with the Doncaster Races are particularly complete. Full particulars may be had at Marylebone Station, but it may here be said that numerous express trains will be run and that excursion fares will be charged on each day of the races. The Company is also to provide for business-men who can only leave town for the day and wish to experience no difficulty in getting comfortable and appetising meals. Return day-tickets are to be had, first-class 33s. 6d., and 18s. 6d. third-class, which include luncheon on the outward journey and dinner on the return. The first-class passenger is also regaled with afternoon tea. Electric trams will be waiting at Doncaster Station to take passengers direct to the course. The inclusive tickets can be obtained at the Booking Office at Marylebone Station.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on Sept. 12.

ROUND THE MARKETS.

THIS is the second successive week when Peace has seemed so near and yet so far, as we send the "copy" to the printers. Stock Exchange markets soared gaily ahead, but pulled up short upon the Conference half-threatening to prove a failure. The Foreign Railway Market was one of those which offered most resistance to the reactionary tendency, although some of its stocks shaded off in sympathy with other sections round the House. Our correspondent "Q." hears that Antofagasta and United Railway of Havana stocks may both reach 250 on their merits. We append his remarks upon the 5 per cent. Preference shares of the Argentine Land and Investment Company; in view of the prominence now bestowed upon this class of undertaking, some practical advice will be found valuable.

ARGENTINE LAND AND INVESTMENT SHARES.

If what I hear from a well-informed Argentine correspondent is correct, these shares are considerably under-valued at their present price of £4 10s. My informant says that the Company is so extraordinarily prosperous, owing to the "land boom" in Argentina, that it will be in a position to pay off the whole of the arrears of dividends, amounting to 26s. 6d. per share, in the course of the next two or three years. Ample evidence of the strides which the Company is making is afforded by the figures of the land-sales of the last three years. In 1903 land was sold worth £35,932, at a profit of £21,280. In 1904 the land-sales were £83,230, the profit being £38,750. In the first four months only of 1905 the value of the land sold was £51,345, or at the rate of over £150,000 per annum. The Company's usual terms are, I believe, 20 per cent. cash, and the balance in four yearly instalments of 20 per cent. each, so that the income is assured for some years ahead. Another way of arriving at the value of the shares is afforded by the estimate of the value of the Company's assets made by the Chairman in his speech at the last annual meeting. Taking a conservative estimate, he placed the value of the lands in the original concession of the Company at £362,800, new properties acquired at £189,000, mortgage loans £46,000, cash and bills on hand £38,000, unmatured instalments on sales of land £83,000, colonists' balances £14,000. This makes a total of £732,800. Now, if we set against this £26,125 of outstanding 4 per cent. Debentures, and £52,234 10s. for 104,469 Ordinary shares of £1 each (10s. paid), we have a balance of £641,640 10s., equal to over £5½ per share as the value of the Preference shares.

FUNDING THE ARREARS.

In view of these figures and of the increasing prosperity of the Company, it seems highly probable that a scheme for funding the arrears of the Preference dividends might be successfully carried through. It must be remembered that the interest on the Preference shares is not limited to 5 per cent. When these shares have received a cumulative dividend of 5 per cent., the Ordinary shares become entitled to a non-cumulative dividend of 10 per cent. on the amount paid up, and after this all the shares rank equally for dividend according to the amount of their capital. A 10 per cent. dividend on the Ordinary shares would only require £5,200, and therefore the contingent rights of the Preference shares are very valuable, and may induce the shareholders to agree to a scheme for funding the arrears of dividend, say, into a 6 per cent. Second Preference share. The next dividend is due in October. In May, 5 per cent. was paid and 6d. on account of arrears, or a total dividend of 6½ per cent. On the whole, the future of the Company seems full of promise. The wonderful prosperity of Argentina, due to its abundant harvest and its improved government, is attested by the traffics which week by week are recorded by Argentine Railways. Bad times may come again, but, meanwhile, a Company like the Argentine Land Company is able to take advantage of the rush for land, and to obtain prices which were never dreamed of a few years ago.

GAMBLING IN YANKEES.

That is what the movement in Americans really amounts to. The market has gone beyond the ordinary pales of reasonable speculation, and the way in which one gamble after another is run by New York cliques stamps the whole business as a dangerous one for outsiders to participate in. It is worth noticing that the correspondents over the water make a great point of chronicling how the bulling of one stock is generally done with the idea of permitting the buyers to get out of some other shares under cover of the strength imparted to the market by their spectacular buying of the first-named. We suppose that allowance must be made for Transatlantic imagination in such statements, which would look rather more veracious if support were withdrawn from certain shares. But it is not. All the American

Market is strong, the relapses being of comparatively unimportant extent. Dangerous though dealing in Yankees has now become, the position looks as though it still would go in favour of the bulls. Most of the financial prophets are crying a speedy fall, and, if they only go on long enough, they will, of course, be enabled eventually to turn round with a triumphant "What did we tell you?" We ourselves would certainly advocate caution in dealing with Yankees, but we do think that the end of the rise is not yet, and that the Wall Street people mean to put prices several dollars better before the froth begins to subside.

ECHOES FROM THE HOUSE.

The Stock Exchange.

All things considered, the less I say about Peace as a market factor, the better it will probably be for me. For here am I, writing on Saturday, with all the news indefinite and vague—everybody hoping one way, everybody admitting a kind of 2 per cent. of fear lest the negotiations should be broken off. Markets this morning are indeterminate, and the Kaffir carry-over shows that, after all, the bear account is not greatly reduced: it was difficult to take in any lines of Gold Fields and some of the other gambles after eleven o'clock. If it be true that, the bigger the bear account, the heavier the fall, South Africans have to go much lower yet before they gravel. To me as to every other broker who does a "general" business, a Kaffir boom would be the welcome thing under the sun, and the wish is certainly not father to the thought that Kaffirs will be in a bad way for some time to come yet. It is all very well for the public tipsters in the papers to write up South Africans on every possible occasion. They know what their readers would like to hear, and it is but human nature for them to forage round for reasons which will enable them to present those readers with palatable fare. And, you know, all the world holds

Kaffirs, and all the world demands to hear when markets are going to improve; it would be far pleasanter for me now to write a glowingly bullish column about the market than a pessimistic sort of paragraph; but my convictions lie in the direction of the latter, and all the encouragement that can be gleaned from the increasing gold output and so on is found wanting, in my own opinion, when weighed in the scale of the Chinese labour troubles, the increasing capital requirements, and all the other bearish arguments with which you are acquainted quite as thoroughly as I. Yet what is one to say when clients come and ask, Shall I sell this? or, Shall I cut my loss on that? or, Ought I to get out of the other? Their shares have cost them more, and to sell now would mean facing heavy losses. What can one advise? It seems impossible to suppose that the bottom of the Kaffir Circus will drop out altogether, and if it stays in, there is always the likelihood of a revival. Sure as I am of a further decline in store for the market, it is very difficult to find the heart to counsel this wholesale cutting of losses, and where the shares held are entitled to any respect it would appear best to keep them. There are Johannesburg stock-brokers strolling about Throgmorton Street to-day, having come home because business is so bad on the other side; and there are also Johannesburg stockbrokers returning to see if something cannot be done

to mend the state of affairs of which their partners speak as prevailing in South Africa.

These, of course and obviously, are simply the personal impressions of an individual. I have been wrong on former occasions in thinking the market would have revived long before this, and very possibly the views enunciated are again incorrect. But they are the result neither of a disordered inside nor of overwork in business. Fortunately, we are now practically free from that fear of a Kaffir slump such as seized the market once or twice during the Russo-Japanese War, when Paris was expected to sell in a wild tumult of apprehension at the idea of Russia getting the worst of the struggle. The fear, as a matter of fact, was on our side. We feared Parisian panics considerably more than Paris feared Russian reverses, and the consequence is the somewhat astonishing thing that throughout the period there has not been a single real slump in Kaffirs—not a fall, that is, in which reason and shares go to the winds and prices are hammered down, down, down, with never a buyer to resist the furious storm of selling that is all the more fierce when no adequate cause can be assigned for it. Passing for one second from Kaffirs to Kipling, apropos of the coming of fear, one dwells upon these lines with a delight that the casting together of wild words always inspires. Rudyard is singing—

"When the heat-cloud sucks the tempest, when the slivered pine-trees fall,
When the blinding, blaring rain-squalls lash and veer;
Through the war-gongs of the thunder rings a voice more loud than all—
It is Fear, O Little Hunter, it is Fear!
Now the spates are banked and deep; now the footless boulders leap—
Now the lightning shows each littlest leaf-rib clear—
But thy throat is shut and dried, and thy heart against thy side
Hammers: Fear, O Little Hunter—this is Fear!"

It were worth more to have been able to write that than to deal in ten thousand Yankees with a commission of a shilling a share.

By the way, I may observe that I heard of a member of the Stock Exchange being offered, the other day, the post of City Editor of a daily paper at a salary of a little under four figures. The House and literature have, of course, been connected by



OLD MR. FUNDS: Oh, dear! Oh, dear! First it's Peace, and then no Peace. How very trying to my poor nerves! But, bless you, I can keep steady as long as I've plenty of this tonic in the House.

many members since the days of the Smiths, who wrote "Rejected Addresses"; but whether there are many men who have seceded from the House to practise the—art, shall I call it?—of journalism, I am unable to say. Mr. F. Carruthers Gould can hardly be called a case in point, for the pictorial mainstay of the Liberal Party is, of course, an artist first, and only an occasional writer.

Colonial stocks are having to wait a long time for their turn to be taken into public favour. Sometimes they rise a quarter or so, but not often, and those who are wondering what 4 per cent. investments they shall put their money into may as well write to their brokers for a list of the most attractive stocks on offer. That 3½ per cent. Lagos Loan looks cheaper than ever now that it stands at 95½ ex-dividend, and a full Trustee stock like this should lose no time in going to par. What damaged the issue from its outset was the fact of its coming into the world under the aegis of the Agents for the Crown Colonies, who have about as much knowledge of how to get a loan well placed as the average Financial Secretary has. There are, however, other Colonial Loans that are almost equally sound, and if money is going to stay about 3 per cent.—I allow the Bank Rate a small margin for a rise—these stocks will all go some five points better, unless the market should be swamped with new issues.

One of the financial papers repeated, as though it were something fresh, the very stale suggestion that Lord Roberts may be asked to perform the unveiling ceremony in connection with our mural tablet that commemorates the services of House members and clerks who took part in the Three Years' War. It is too early yet to do anything but prophesy about a matter upon which the Managers themselves have so far arrived at no decision. If I might also prophesy, I should say that there will probably be no fuss made over the affair at all. We shall walk into the House one day to find the boards removed from the memorial; at present nothing can be done, because the scaffolding, where the painters work upon the roof, runs right over the tablet, and must be taken away before the memorial will be made visible.

Forgive me—but have I not evaded the questions concerning Peace with a certain degree of dexterity? I feel impelled to draw attention to this, because, so far as I know, the only person who ever reads these House letters is my Mother, and she might miss the dexterous evasion. If there are other people who read these lines, they have the gratitude and the sympathy, as respectful as sincere, of

THE HOUSE HAUNTER.

CONSOLS AND THEIR COURSE.

Whatever may be said about other stocks disputing popular favour with Consols, it remains always evident that Goschens command a *clientèle* far more important than any other security in the world does. The freedom of the market in Consols is twice as great as that enjoyed by stocks such as Transvaal Threes, Irish Land, the War Loan, or similar issues. If money is to be very cheap, Consols are bound to be bought in large lines by houses unwilling to take the small rates obtainable upon day to day, or fortnight to fortnight, cash. We hear of one important South African mining-house that bought Consols last week to the tune of a quarter of a million sterling, but against this kind of purchase there must be set the unwillingness of the price to get away from anything between 90 and 91. The dividend comes off the quotation at the end of the week, which will have the effect of making the stock look cheap, and the general position rather favours the impression that Consols will go better during September.

FOREIGN LOTTERIES.

Whether the well-advertised good fortune of the French *vivandière* in winning a recent lottery prize has anything to do with the revival of interest in this kind of speculation we cannot say, but our correspondence shows that many are inquiring as to the *bona fides* of these lotteries and as to the advisability of taking tickets. There are plenty of such lotteries honestly conducted and safe to gamble in. The City of Paris loans, the Brussels, Antwerp, Panama, and many others, are run on business lines. In some cases interest is paid on the tickets, which are virtually bonds, carrying additional inducements to subscribe in the shape of prizes. Some of the loans do not pay interest, and in such instances the prizes are larger. The success attendant upon these lotteries has induced whole crops of imitators, most of them best left severely alone, although our complacent Post Office kindly undertakes the distribution of their literature. The best bonds are dealt in by the Stock Exchange, although nominally this is illegal under the House rules. Foreign banks, such as Messrs. Keyser and Co., 21, Cornhill, or Messrs. Ironmonger and Co., of Throgmorton Street, might also be found to do business in lottery bonds. The speculation appeals to some people, although this country does not take as kindly to it as the Continent, and the odds against the ticket-holder are too long for the system to be enthusiastically recommended.

ENGLISH LOTTERIES.

Eighty years ago lotteries were perfectly legal in Great Britain, the law forbidding them not having been passed until 1826. Stock-brokers found dealing in tickets a very lucrative branch of their business, and the Treasury used lotteries as a convenient means of raising money. William III. issued a loan of a million sterling by the agency of a lottery, and the predecessor of to-day's Stock Exchange Official List quoted lottery tickets along with East India stock, Bank stock, and South Sea Loan. In the days of Dean Swift—we refer to the famous Jonathan—there was always some gamble or other afoot in lottery tickets. He wrote to Stella in 1711-12: "When I sealed up my letter this morning I looked upon myself to be not worth a groat in the world. Last night, after Mr. Ford and I left Domville, Ford desired me to go with him for a minute upon earnest business, and then told me that both he and I were ruined, for he had trusted Stratford with five hundred pounds for tickets for the lottery, and he had been with Stratford, who confessed he had lost fifteen thousand pounds by Sir Stephen Evans, who broke last week; that he concluded Stratford must break too; that he could not get his tickets; but Stratford made him several excuses, which seemed very blind ones, etc. . . . I called all my philosophy and religion up, and, I thank God, it did not keep me awake beyond my usual time for

above a quarter of an hour." Swift came out of this affair better than he expected, but the gambling spirit fostered by lotteries was the cause of such vast misery and temptation that their prohibition is never likely to be rescinded.

ELECTRIC TRACTION.

The only Traction Company that seems to be still undecided in its directorial mind with regard to electrical working is the London General Omnibus. Sir John Pound made a somewhat confusing statement on the subject at the recent meeting of the shareholders, but it was clear that he and his colleagues on the Board are not as enthusiastic over the new mode of traction as the London Road Car directors, who attribute increased traffics to the new omnibuses of which they now have about thirty on the road. Those who have used the service running between Oxford Circus and Hammersmith Broadway, via Shepherd's Bush, bear testimony to the pleasurable nature of the ride on a fine day, and, if working expenses are kept down, the new method of traction should turn out a remarkably good thing for Road Car proprietors. The District and Metropolitan Railways are within sight of the day when their last steam-trains shall be removed from the metals, but we can see no attraction to buy District Ordinary, whatever form of traction the line uses. Metropolitan Consolidated is a much likelier purchase, but the chance of more capital being required acts as a restraint upon the price of the stock.

CATERING COMPANIES.

So far as can be ascertained from the Stock Exchange, there is no reason for the fall in Slaters shares, other than that of a fairly large number coming on a market where there are few eager buyers of Catering Company shares at the present time. The next dividend, we hear, may be estimated at certainly not less than the usual rate, and if Slaters maintains its former 16 per cent., the yield upon money invested in the shares now works out to nearly 6½ per cent. This is a good return from a well-established industrial concern, and the time was when the public were contented to buy shares in the Catering Companies to pay a much lower yield on the money. But the business is not what it used to be. Even the flourishing Lyons has, perhaps, reached a point of profits beyond which it is not likely to pass for some time to come. The reduction in the dividends on Aërated Bread and British Tea Table shares shows that the public are fully served in the Metropolis, and, with such recent indications of declining profits before them, investors may well refuse to look at shares of this class unless the yield works out to 6 per cent. at any rate.

EGYPTIAN AND WEST AFRICAN MINES.

Between the two there is the point of contact that both kinds of concerns were the subject of excited Stock Exchange dealings before actual work was done upon any but a few of the properties introduced to the markets. Those markets started upon the basis of finance rather than gold-mining. The multiplication of Companies, capital and share-shuffling has been a leading feature of the Jungle, as well as of the Mummy Market; but while the excitement over the former lasted some considerable time, Egyptians ceased to attract much public interest after a comparatively few months. Yet the Mummy shares would seem to have quite as good a chance as those in the West African Market. Jungle Companies will probably take years to bring to a payable state. The low-grade quality of the ore hitherto worked is the sorest disappointment against which believers in the Gold Coast have to contend. Labour, transport, and climatic troubles are to a certain extent surmountable, but, if the ore is uniformly of very low grade, to work it under present conditions of operation is little more than waste time. Egyptians, on the other hand, have unknown possibilities. They are a true mining gamble, because experts in the first rank of engineers tell us that gold is probably to be found in payable amounts. This, of course, does not justify purchase of shares in over-capitalised concerns at stiff premiums, but it furnishes a sound reason for buying low-priced shares which, at least, have the advantage of good backing. The purchaser must, of course, recognise that he is engaging upon a pure mining speculation in entering the market.

Saturday, August 26, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

J. A. E.—Spiers and Pond shares are good to lock up if you are prepared to hold them for several years. But the business is hardly comparable with that of the A. B. C. or Lyons. The two latter do not attempt the hotel enterprise which has played such havoc with the Spiers and Pond profits.

J. W. B.—Your letter has been answered by post.

E. M. T.—Both letters were sent last week.

IBEX (Jersey).—Hold 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 8, 11, 12, and sell the others. It is impossible to compute with any degree of accuracy the life of the Champion Reef Mine, but fifteen years, or more, is the market estimate.

ALPHA.—The Orange Diamonds should be sold, but both the others you might keep, though it is doubtful whether they will see the prices you paid, at any rate for some years to come. Perhaps you will read our Stock Exchange letter this week: it contains a long reference to Kaffirs.

J. D. A.—Keep the St. James's shares, by all means. The Power Bill is more likely to benefit than to hurt these Supply Companies.

GAMMA.—Sorry we cannot get hold of a copy of the award.

S., LOTTERY, and N. Y.—You will find the matter dealt with in our Notes.